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## REVIEWS

*Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantès.* Vols. VII. & VIII. Paris: L'Ad-vocat; London: Dulau & Co.

THESE volumes have arrived so late in the week, that we have not time to be very choice in our selections from them. However, the gossip of the Duchess of Abrantès is always delightful; and the work is so full of interesting matter, that it would be difficult, if we opened them at hazard, to light upon anything unworthy of notice.

We shall begin with an anecdote of Junot and a young soldier, who afterwards rose to high rank in Napoleon's army. That the reader may properly understand the subject, we must say a few words in explanation. When the grand army was at Boulogne, Junot perceiving that the cocked-hats of the grenadiers were intolerably inconvenient, proposed as a substitute, the grenadier caps afterwards in use. This led him also to attempt the getting rid of queues, powder, and pomatum. But as these reforms attacked deeply-rooted prejudices, it was dangerous to enforce them by authority. Junot, therefore, who was greatly beloved, requested as a personal favour, that the men of his regiment would cut off their hair. Many complied at once, and in the end the reform was effected.

"One morning whilst we were at breakfast, Junot was informed that a soldier wished to speak to him. The aide-de-camp on duty was directed to ascertain what the man wanted. The latter replied, that he wished to have an audience of the general, and would return if he could not then be admitted. Junot was always accessible. He had not forgotten that he had himself served in the ranks. He therefore ordered that the soldier should be shown into the drawing-room. His brow, however, contracted, when the aide-de-camp, said to him in an undertone, 'He wears a top-knot, general, and one with flour enough in it to make a hasty-pudding.'

"On his entering the drawing-room, we perceived a young man of six and twenty, tall, well-made, with agreeable features, and whose manner indicated that he prided himself not a little upon his smart soldier-like appearance. He bowed with an easy, natural air, seeming, however, embarrassed, as Junot with a severe look surveyed his powdered top-knot. But a circumstance which surprised me was, to see the soldier interchange a look of acquaintanceship with my daughter Josephine, whom I held by the hand. She was then three years and a half old, was always dressed as a boy, and the grenadiers called her *their little general*. She returned his salute by a nod of her beautiful little head, and whispered to me, 'It is M. Anselme.'

"What is your pleasure, my friend?" said Junot to the young man.

"General, I wish respectfully to ask, whether there is an order for us to cut off our hair. As it was not in general orders this morning, I thought that—

"—'I have given no order,' said Junot. 'I insist upon nothing of the kind. I only requested, that my grenadiers, whom I consider my friends and my children, would do that for me, at which they ought not to feel repugnance, inasmuch as it is for their own benefit. I thought, that in return for what I have done for them,—in return for what I have obtained for the corps, the most favoured in the service,—my companions in danger and glory would not refuse to sacrifice to my wish, a handful of hair, which is as inconvenient to themselves, as it is unpleasant to one who admires the fine fellows he has the honour to command. And I must say,—the whole of my brave grenadiers have not acted like you, for they have almost all complied with my wishes; a circumstance which makes me feel more sensibly the obstinacy of those who have not.... But, what is it you want?'

"Junot was angry, and I perceived that he had some difficulty in restraining himself. The young man betrayed emotion, but not fear. Having advanced a few steps, he said,

"General, throughout the division which you command, there is not a heart more devoted to you, than that of Anselme Pelet. I am not disobedient, General, nor am I obstinate. Permit me to prove it.

"General,' he continued, 'I have a mother whom I love and respect, as it is said you love and respect yours. When I left my home to join my regiment, she asked me to cut off my hair and leave it to her. I refused.... I have also a mistress to whom I am passionately devoted;' as the young man said this, he blushed deeply. 'She too asked me for some of my hair to make a necklace, and I refused to give her even a lock.... I could refuse even the Emperor himself.... But I see I must sacrifice this hair.... I am the only one of my company who has not done so.... They have all done it for you, General, and shall I be the only one to displease you? No, Sir, I will not; but I have a favour to ask in return.'

"So saying, he drew from his pocket a large pair of scissors, and presented them to Junot, who asked him what he meant.

"Why, General, that you will, with your own hands, cut off my hair. If it be a sacrifice, I shall then feel it less.'

"As he ceased speaking, he held down his head covered with a profusion of the most beautiful hair I ever beheld. It was long, thick, flowing in natural ringlets, and of the most perfect auburn. On receiving the scissors, and seeing his head bowed down before him, waiting to be shorn of its locks, Junot, naturally kind, felt so much emotion, that his hand was not steady.

"My friend,' he said to the young soldier, 'this is a sacrifice, as you said just now, and I wish for no sacrifices. Keep your hair.'

"No, General, it must be cut off. If it were not, I should be the only one in my company who wore it.... I am not quarrelsome, but I never shun any man who wishes to quarrel with me; and I should not like to be the cause of disturbances, to which my singularity could not fail to lead.... Pray, General, cut off the first lock.' And he again bent his head.

"Consider of it again,' said Junot. 'Would

you like to leave the grenadiers and return to your former corps?'

"The soldier drew himself up; his eyes, though moist with emotion, emitted sparks of fire.

"Would you then send me back as guilty of insubordination, General? I have always done my duty, and General Dupas will tell you, that Anselme Pelet is a good and loyal soldier.'

"Junot made no further remark, but, approaching the young man, cut off his hair, which fell in large masses around him.

"Where do you come from?" said Junot.

"From Burgundy, General.'

"Indeed!'

"Yes, General, from Etormay, near Bussy-le-Grand.'

"And why did you not tell me that we were countrymen?'

"Because I should have seemed to be soliciting a favour, and I would obtain favours only as a reward for good service.'

"Junot and I interchanged looks. 'That lad will get on,' said he, after the soldier was gone; 'a man with such feelings as he evinces is adapted for great and noble actions.'

This anecdote is of more importance than may at first appear; it has its application. We rather think queues are cut off, and mustachios stuck on, by general order in other services; and the difference may explain the personal devotion of the French soldiers to their officers.—

It will, no doubt, be interesting to our military readers, to learn Napoleon's opinion on the qualities necessary to constitute an accomplished general officer.

*Napoleon's Idea of what constitutes a good General.*

"Napoleon said one day that courage was not the first quality necessary in a general officer, particularly in one commanding an army. I did not, at first, seize the true sense of his proposition, but he afterwards developed his idea so clearly, that I comprehended it in all its bearings.

"Why,' said he, 'has the soldier so high a respect for his commanding officer? Because he knows him to be a man of superior information. He follows him with confidence across deserts, over mountains, through countries unknown to himself, but with which he supposes his General acquainted. When courage is united with talent, then the general officer becomes an accomplished soldier. Still this courage must not be rash; it must not lead him to expose the lives of his men for the sake of mere fighting. People are sometimes surprised at the rapid promotion of a Lieutenant-Colonel, first raised to the rank of Colonel, and immediately after, to that of Brigadier-General. It is because the newly-promoted Colonel does not answer the expectations which were conceived of him. It is true that he bravely leads on his regiment in action;—but, like a hair-brained boy, to the mouth of the enemy's cannon, so that he returns from every action with one wound more, but with fifty men less. Now such a man is a bad Colonel. He is a good soldier; but, as he cannot be put into the ranks, why he is

made a general officer, and is very efficient under a commander who knows where to place him. And this is the kind of knowledge necessary to a War Minister.' Napoleon gave great extension to his idea, and, in illustration, mentioned several names, which it is needless here to repeat. He cited Kellermann—afterwards created Duke of Valmy—as combining talents with the most undaunted courage. Lannes was also mentioned by him as the most perfect model of an accomplished soldier. He afterwards named one of the most celebrated men in his army, and said, with a smile, 'Well! this man has immense talent, and yet he dislikes gunpowder. But what matters that? So long as the soldiers under his command are ignorant of it, I prefer him to a knight errant riding in search of perilous adventures. But, on the other hand, the troops must not know that their General is a coward.'"

The following laughable anecdote is a curious instance of monomania. The hero of the tale is a brother of the celebrated Quatremère de Quincy, so well known in the literary and scientific world.

#### The Marine Cavalry.

"M. Quatremère-Disjonval was a little deranged, but not mad enough to be confined. In 1793, when great talkers obtained the credit of great wit, he had been appointed Adjutant-General, but was dismissed on the restoration of public order. From that period, having become absorbed by the military mania, he was in the habit of following a drum wherever he heard it. His pockets were always filled with projects of the most absurd kind; and his folly was the more deplorable, as he was a man of extraordinary erudition. He had presented several of his plans to Junot, one of which was to bring live sprats from Nantes to Paris, and another to enable the grand army to reach England without encountering storms, or being exposed to an attack by the British fleet. Junot, from respect for the poor man's brother, received him always with kindness, but advised him to meddle less with the projected invasion of England, which, at that period, was the particular object of his monomania. He, however, wandered, like a guilty soul in purgatory, from one camp to another with some new project in his head, when his evil genius led him to Ostend.

"Davoust, who then commanded at Ostend, was not acquainted with him or his peculiarities; nor was this General at all of easy access. M. Quatremère often called to see Davoust, but could not succeed.

"One day, as the General returned from a review, M. Quatremère, who had been waiting for him at his own door, presented him, the instant he got off his horse, with a manuscript neatly tied up with red and blue ribbons, saying:—'General, this is a new method of conveying our brave soldiers to England: this was his usual phrase—'the plan is sure and economical; a little extraordinary perhaps, but it is by men such as you, General, that great and heroic undertakings are carried into effect.'

"Davoust was in the habit of galloping through the muddy streets of Ostend, as all know who were acquainted with him, surrounded by a set of ugly little Arabs who splashed along and described a circle of mud round their master. His staff, not caring to receive upon their clothes the showers of mud thrown up by these swarthy attendants, always kept at a distance behind, so that when Davoust arrived at his door, there was nobody present to inform him who Quatremère-Disjonval was. Having taken the manuscript, he left the poor Ex-Adjutant-General in the hall, and walked into the dining-room, which was upon the ground floor. Meanwhile the staff-officers and aides-de-camp arrived and surrounded the poor projector, who, perceiv-

ing among them a colleague in science (for the poor man had really great acquirements), went and shook him by the hand and solicited his good offices with the Commander-in-Chief. This colleague (then a captain upon Davoust's staff) was no other than Bory de St. Vincent, who, well acquainted with all Quatremère's follies, promised his assistance,—and would willingly have promised anything, to get rid of the poor man.

"Next morning the General asked, 'Who is the person from whom I received a paper yesterday, on my return from the review? There are many good things in it.'

"The manuscript ran as follows:—'Who would have imagined before it was done, that the ox would be brought to labour for man—that the dog would be made to hunt for him—the horse to carry him—the elephant to obey him, or that he could reduce the falcon to submission? Who would have thought that the animals inhabiting the two elements of earth and air would change their habits to become his slaves? Yet such things are seen, because they exist. Water alone has not been made useful to man. Now is the time to subdue that element, and make its inhabitants contribute to the glory of the French armies!'

"It would be too long to enumerate all the wild ideas contained in this singular production; I shall therefore come immediately to the point. After quoting the authority of Pliny, recapitulating all that has been said in natural history respecting the intelligence of animals, M. Quatremère concluded that there was not less intelligence among fish than was evinced by the camel, the horse, the elephant, or the canary bird. As these were taught, why should not fish be also susceptible of instruction? And again, upon Pliny's authority, calling to mind the Athenian medals, with a view of the port of Piræus, and the figure of a dolphin carrying a man upon its back, he proposed, that a certain number of porpoises—to which he gave the name of dolphins—should be trained to carry soldiers upon their backs. Nothing was easier, he stated, than to effect this. The sailors of the flotilla were to be employed in catching porpoises, which were to be kept, fed, and tamed in the interior basins of the port, and broke in to carry each a soldier. Thus would a marine cavalry be formed, which could easily cross the channel. The writer then described, with great minuteness, how the bridles, the bits—for the porpois has a large mouth—and the other accoutrements were to be made. He had gone so far as to provide against the possibility of the fish diving in the open sea, by fastening to them bladders surrounded with cork. \* \* \*

"Davoust, who had never before heard of M. Quatremère-Disjonval, was at first struck with all this fine-sounding language—with the camel carrying burthens, the dog bringing the game to its master, the horse obeying the hand of the rider. All this dazzled him for a moment; but, unfortunately for Quatremère, he happened to say at breakfast, 'Faith! the First Consul will be astonished when I present him with a regiment of tritons. They may do what they like at Boulogne, but they will build barracks long enough before they hit upon such an expedient as this.'

"But as he ate his breakfast, he again read a few lines of the manuscript, and the thing appeared to him somewhat more doubtful. He became thoughtful, and was in deep meditation when the chief of his staff, General Mathew Dumas, made his appearance. On hearing of the affair, the latter burst into a fit of laughter. Davoust said not a word; but his silence had a sinister meaning for Quatremère; for the General fancied that the projector had mystified him.

"'Florainville,' said he on a sudden to the commandant of the gendarmerie attached to his

head quarters, 'go and have that fool Quatremère-Disjonval apprehended; then let his hands be tied, and let him be sent to Paris on foot.' This cruel order was executed."

Before we translate the observations of the amiable Duchess on Napoleon's coronation, an anecdote of Pius VII. will not be out of place.

#### Pius VII. and Cervoni.

"There was an expression in the countenance of Pius VII., which none of his portraits have ever conveyed; and if all give a copy of his features, none has ever given a correct idea of their expression, which was mild and lively at the same time. His extreme paleness contrasted with his jet black hair, produced a surprising effect, on the first sight of this venerable old man, dressed in white, with a tinge of red reflected upon him, which imparted a singular and coquetish tint to his complexion. I confess, that, on being presented to him, I was seized with a deep feeling of interest and veneration, solely inspired by his person. He presented me with a beautiful chaplet and relic, and seemed much pleased at receiving my thanks in Italian. This brings to my recollection an anecdote relating to General Cervoni, who was very intimate with my brother and my husband.

"All the constituted bodies, and the primary and secondary authorities, paid their respects to the Pope, on his arrival at Paris. The generals were not among the last to tender their homage, although they were not over and above religious, and many of them showed a repugnance to do so, which displeased the Emperor very much. On the day of their visit, they debated among themselves, who should be the spokesman. Several among them spoke Italian well; and General Sebastiani, who has always been fond of making speeches, offered his services with that dogmatical air which would have procured him the honour he sought; but he was too young a general officer; and, besides, he resembled too nearly the actor Gavaudan, in the 'Reine de Golconde.' Not that the Pope could have known that; but Sebastiani was so long-winded, and so fond of listening to the sound of his own voice, that it was feared the Pope would not listen to it. The choice, therefore, fell upon General Cervoni.

"This choice, than which none could have been better or more appropriate, was, however, singular under the circumstances I am about to explain. At the period when, under Alexander Berthier, the French entered Rome, Cervoni, then a brigadier-general, was appointed commandant of that city, and he executed his charge in a military manner. It had been reported that it was he who arrested Pius VI., but this was not true. Nevertheless, he had the credit of it, and the name of Cervoni was an object of terror at Rome. The Pope had received this unfavourable impression, and, without knowing the General, dreaded him as he dreaded Satan.

"Cervoni had a beautiful voice, deep, sonorous, and full: the Pope's, on the contrary, was weak, nasal, and somewhat *soprano*. Thus the contrast became inexpressibly ludicrous, when Pius VII., struck with the pure and elegant Italian accent of Cervoni, advanced towards him, and commenced the following dialogue:—

"Come lei parla bene l'Italiano!"  
"Santo Padre, sono quasi Italiano!"  
"Oh!"  
"Sono Corso?"  
"Oh!—Oh!"  
"Sono Cervoni?"  
"Oh!—Oh!—Oh!" †

† How well you speak Italian!  
Holy Father, I am almost an Italian!  
Oh!—  
I am a Corsican!  
Oh!—Oh!—  
I am Cervoni!  
Oh!—Oh!—Oh!

"At each interjection which the pontiff uttered, he drew back a step, until the mantle-piece prevented him from going further. The name of Cervoni made such an impression upon him, that his pale complexion assumed a death-like hue; and Cervoni, knowing the effect it would produce, had prepared himself for it beforehand."

We conclude our translations this week with the following original remarks on the Emperor Napoleon's coronation:—

"This ceremony has been so often described, that it is needless here to give an account of it. I shall, therefore, only state what I fancied I remarked in the Emperor, and what struck me the most on this day, the sole one of its kind in the annals of history.

"Napoleon was very calm. I observed him attentively, to see if I could perceive that the pulsations of his heart under the imperial mantle were more quick, than under the uniform he usually wore. But I saw no difference, although I was not more than ten paces from him. The length of the ceremony seemed to tire him, and I every now and then detected a suppressed yawn. But he did all he was told to do, and that always with propriety. When the Pope made the triple unction, I perceived by the expression of his eyes, that he thought more of wiping off the oil than of anything else. I was so accustomed to his look, that I may say I am certain of this. \* \* \*

"As the Pope was about to take from the altar the crown, called that of Charlemagne, Napoleon seized it, and with his own hands put it upon his head. His countenance, always so expressive, was at this moment sublime. There was an extraordinary play of the muscles, which imparted to it something beyond beauty. This was a solitary moment in his life. He had taken off the laurel wreath of gold, which he wore when he entered the church, and which was much better suited to his face than the close crown, the contact with which, however, imparted a noble dignity to his features.

"Just at this moment one of those incidents occurred, which, when they are followed by no event of importance, are not noticed, but which are secretly treasured up by superstition, to be made use of when an opportunity offers. The old vaulted ceilings of Notre Dame, which, during a whole month previous had been exposed to the percussion of the hammer, in the preparations for the approaching ceremony, had been damaged in many places, and several small bits of stone had fallen in different parts of the church. At the instant, when Napoleon placed the crown upon his head, one of these bits, about the size of a hazel nut, fell from the roof, upon the shoulder of the Emperor, slid upon the hood of his mantle, rolled down the steps of the altar, near the Pope's throne, and was picked up by an Italian priest, who has probably kept it, if he perceived that it touched the head of him who had just been made one of God's anointed. I was struck with the circumstance. At such a moment everything is ominous to those who observe. I did not, however, mention it. I know not whether my companions perceived this stone; I did not call their attention to it. In the evening I mentioned the circumstance to Junot, who had seen nothing of it, although he was close to the Emperor. He approved of my prudent silence. No motion of the Emperor could have led Junot to suppose that such a thing had occurred; and yet it appears to me that he must have felt it; for, however small the bit of stone, yet, falling from so great a height, its specific gravity must have been so much increased that I cannot think he was not aware of its having struck him.

"Every eye was now directed to the steps of the altar upon which the Emperor stood, to see Josephine receive from him the crown, and be

anointed as Empress of the French. What a moment! what a proof of attachment was she receiving from him who then loved her with a strength of affection with which she ought to have been satisfied, because it was real, and supported by the strongest testimonies. \* \* \*

"When it was time for the Empress to take an active part in the great drama, she descended from her throne, advanced towards the altar where the Emperor was waiting for her, followed by her ladies of the palace and her maids of honour. Her mantle was borne by the Princess Caroline,† the Princess Julia,‡ the Princess Elica, and the Princess Louisa.§ A most striking beauty in Josephine was, independently of the elegance of her figure, the carriage of her head, and the noble and graceful manner in which she walked and turned round. I have had the honour of being presented to *true princesses*, as they call them, in the Faubourg St. Germain, and I can declare, on my conscience, that I never saw one who made such an impression upon me as Josephine. She combined elegance with majesty, and no woman ever sat upon a throne with a more dignified and truly royal bearing."

We shall continue our translations next week.

LIBRARY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.  
*Useful and Ornamental Planting.* London:  
Baldwin & Co.

It would be difficult to name a subject of much greater importance than that to which this treatise applies, or, at the same time, more in need of the revision of a writer who can separate the really useful part of the knowledge of gardeners and foresters, from the mass of prejudice, erroneous opinions, and even downright ignorance, under which it lies almost buried. We wish we could say that the author of the present work had accomplished this: he has certainly produced a useful and well-written book, in which a good deal of valuable information is comprised in a small compass, but not such a work as the present state of knowledge had led us to expect. His seventh chapter is the best; and the second, in which the phenomena of vegetation are explained, is the least satisfactory. What, for instance, are we to think of the physiologist who tells us, that a root consists of three distinct parts, *pith*, wood, and bark—who gives a long account of the *pith* of roots, and even assures us, that the fibres of the root are produced in winter by the aid of their reservoir of nutriment in the *pith*?—and yet in no root has ever a particle of *pith* been seen;—one of the commonest and best known distinctions between roots and stems consisting in the *absence of pith* from the former. At page 6, we are told, that the epidermis (meaning cuticle), in old stems and branches, often attains to considerable thickness, becoming hard, rough, or granulated, as seen in the oak, &c.: we believe, nevertheless, that it never loses its original membranous character; and certainly the "hard, rough, granulated" rind of the oak, which is nothing but the external zones of the bark, consisting of the liber and cellular integument of several years, distended and rent by the annual increase of the wood in diameter, is no proof of it.

Mistakes of this kind are sad blemishes upon any work, and especially upon one ushered into the world under such auspices.

+ Madame Marat. † Madame Joseph Bonaparte.  
§ Madame Louis Bonaparte.

Unfortunately, they are not all. To say nothing of careless printing, numerous typographical or orthographical errors, false concord, and the usual verbal blunders of mere gardeners, we have complaints to make of a graver nature. In one of the lists of trees enumerated as fit for the planter's purpose, we find *Pinus uncinata*, which can scarcely be said to exist in this country, and *Pinus taxifolia*, of which nothing but a few dried specimens has ever been seen by any European. At page 45, the live oak of Carolina is recommended for trial on the coasts of England as a screen against the sea blast. The live oak! which even in North America will not exist as a tree to the northward of Cape Fear, and which only thrives in an atmosphere rendered, for such latitudes, most unusually damp and heated by the local but powerful influence of the gulf stream.

We observe that this work is to be followed by another upon Orchard Planting. Let us hope that these remarks, which are written in a spirit far from unfriendly, will induce the author to be as correct in theory as he is skilful in mere practical details.

*The Spanish Novelists, a Companion to the Italian and German Novelists.* By Thomas Roscoe, Esq. London: Bentley.

"This (exclaims a French writer) is a matter-of-fact age;" now we rather think it is an age of fiction. History, science, and even law and divinity, are offered to the public in the disguise of novels;—we have fashionable, domestic, political, satirical, historical, religious novels; and yet it would appear that we cannot manufacture them fast enough, for we have re-publications of the old ones in the 'Novelist's Library' and the 'Standard Novels,'—and Germany, Italy, and now Spain, are called on to furnish their quotas.

In this class of literature Spain is pre-eminently rich;—yet we doubted, when we first read the announcement of this work, and the perusal has rather confirmed our fears, whether translations would gratify the English reading public of the year 1852. The Spanish novels generally have little plot, and are often wanting even in the connecting interest of a story: scoundrelism, either in humble life, when it assumes the character of a vagabond, and lives by its wits, or in high life, when tricked out in fine feathers, as a sharpening gallant, is the lay figure from which the artist is often content to work; and the excellence of many of the most celebrated consists wholly in the inimitable wit of the writer. Unfortunately, this is not to be understood by intuition, nor translated by a dictionary. A publisher's commands may have great weight and influence, but here they lose their authority. Three goodly octavos may be produced, and paragraphs and trade criticism may sell the edition—but the public will remain as utterly ignorant as heretofore of the Spanish novelists. We do not say this disparagingly of our friend Mr. Roscoe, but despairingly of such a work. We doubt, indeed, if any man could succeed with the *picaresca* or roguish class of novels, (not only the more numerous but the better,) who had not, in addition to a most intimate knowledge of the language, matriolated at El Avapies, and taken a doctor's degree in our own college of St. Giles—he would then find difficulties enough for an ordinary life.



Of another class, the *novela amorosa*, few could be translated, for more intelligible reasons—they literally reek of the stews and the brothel—their licentiousness would not be endured—the “moral and exemplary novels,” as they are called, of that noble lady Doña Maria de Zayas, or the far-famed Celestina, and twenty other celebrated works we could name, would fright the isle from its propriety. The *novela allegorica satirica* have indeed been translated with pre-eminent success, and so far the question may be thought settled. The *Diablo cojuelo* of Guevara is become native, as it were, in every language in Europe.

In the present work Mr. Roscoe offers specimens of these several varieties, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. Here then, at the threshold, we are of opinion he has erred—why stop at the seventeenth century?—surely we could have spared a few specimens from the abundance of the *amorosa* which he has offered, for a little variety; for one or two of the inimitable chapters on education, from Fr. Gerundio—or a hearty laugh at the Arragoneses, from the Serafina of Mor de Fuentes. We think, too, that in a collection of Spanish novels we ought to have had some specimen of one of the best, ‘*La vida del Escudero Marcos de Obregon*.’ It was from this work that Le Sage copied so largely and so literally, and though there is but little interest in the plot, it contains some admirable scenes and inimitable characters. However, we shall not cavil at the selection, which, though it might have been improved, is not, on the whole, a bad one.

The specimens generally are very freely translated, and, in some instances we see, or imagine we see, a paraphrase on the old translations. Now, without any laboured comparison, we must state, for the information of our readers, that where old translations exist, the strong presumptions are, that they are the better. Our early writers were intimately conversant with Spanish literature—our dramatists were indebted to the Spanish novelists to an extent scarcely credible—half or even more of the plots of Beaumont and Fletcher are taken from them; the original and translations were written in co-existing ages, when the language of the one nation offered synonyms for the other, because the same customs and manners existed in both: difficult, therefore, as it may have been at any time to translate the idiomatic and wordy wit of the Spanish novelists, it is more difficult now. The reprint of an old Spanish novel would require notes if published in Spain, though Spain has stood still while all the world has been progressing onwards; we were prepared, therefore, to forgive Mr. Roscoe for a running commentary in the way of explanation:—but he is a bold man; he has, we suppose, so transferred the very spirit of the original into modern English, that we believe only one note is found necessary; and certainly that one will excuse him with us for all omissions, for he actually explains *cardenal* to be “a Spanish fly,” instead of the weed raised by a whip or rod.

The Biographical Notices are reasonably well written, excepting only that of Cervantes. As to the abominable spelling of the Spanish words and names, we presume it must pass, as an allowed privilege claimed of right by English writers; but it is hardly

excusable in a Spanish translator, to call a Spanish prince Don Tuerto, or Mister One-eye. Perhaps Mr. Roscoe thought that it was his surname, and not his nickname; but even then a Spaniard would not prefix the Don; we have heard them laugh heartily when Don Telesforo has been in their presence called Don Trueba.

We hope we have not been unkind to the translator: Mr. Roscoe is a most amiable and excellent man, and that is ten thousand times better than being a Spanish scholar; but it is our duty to comment on his work, and, as critics, we strive to be impartial, even perhaps against better feelings; but whoever shall attentively weigh and consider our judgment, will see that nothing said goes to condemn the work, which, on the whole, is creditable, and will serve to fill a vacant niche on our library shelves.

*The East India Sketch-Book; comprising an Account of the Present State of Society in Calcutta, Bombay, &c. 2 vols. London: Bentley.*

THESE volumes open well. The introductory chapter is strange and rambling, but clever, and awakens interest. “India,” the writer begins, “the land of enchantment,—the treasure-house from which imagination culls its brightest images of splendour,—the ‘golden orient,’ glittering in the best brilliance of sun and song,—peopled by the creations of ‘The Arabian Nights,’—the Chersonese, abounding ‘in gold and silver, and all manner of precious stones,’—land of promise and hope!

“What a vintage seems in the perspective to invite the hand of the reaper! \* \* \* What a field for the exercise of a laudable curiosity is spread out-around us! Strange, wonderful in their unchangeableness, is the race amidst whom we dwell! We wander, as it were, amongst the patriarchs of ancient days;—we travel back three thousand years into the past,—we are contemporaries of the ages that entombed the Pharaohs. The ‘oxen tread out the corn around us,’ and ‘the camels go to water at the well,’ and ‘two women are grinding corn at the mill,’ and familiarity makes us forget that these things were thus when the steward of Abraham first met the fair Rebekah at even-tide, on his journey for the bride of his master’s heir.”

But the work itself does not realize this early promise; it wants coherence and connexion, and the continued effort in many chapters to be light, lively, sparkling, and brilliant, becomes at last a little wearisome to the reader; there are, however, some graphic pictures of Indian life, and one, which we shall now quote, is only inferior to a sketch by Mrs. Trollope—it is called

*Extracts from a Subaltern’s Journal of a March.*

“Well, we are at the end of our first day’s march, thank Heaven!—Now that child cries!—it really is amazing that subalterns will marry!—What business have girls to come out and put temptation in one’s way?—however, they pay for it—so do we!

“Friday.—Got up to Burrigaum—no eggs—no milk—a fowl and rice—forgot arrow root—ditto biscuits—the child crying with hunger, and my wife as cross as the very devil.—Dreadfully rocky road, large stones lying under our feet in all directions. The bearers let the palanquin fall—once only—what a squall she made!—I only wonder it was not broken to atoms—what would have become of us!—Wind seems

getting up—fear the Monsoon will overtake us—pity it travels so uncivilly fast—wish it would lend us the same conveyance.

“Saturday.—As I expected, last night it blew a hurricane—the tent was blown down—could not, for the life of me, imagine where my wife had disappeared—heard her, at last, crying out from beneath a khenaut—fifty yards of tent-cloth being an unpleasant petticoat.—Ground one entire quagmire, where, like Noah’s dove, our feet found no resting-place.—Put my wife and child in the palkie, and advised her to be quiet whilst things were putting to rights.—Found half our supplies had been demolished in the storm—pretty prospect!—a week without beer or brandy—wish the Commander-in-Chief were in my place just now.

“Sunday.—Kept our ground all day—weather close and damp, and occasional showers. The Ayah and the Amah quarrelling from morning till this present time of writing—chatter, chatter, chatter; the worst of it is, no cure is to be expected, for they always contrive to stop short of blows.—If they could be excited to punish each other!—but that is never to be expected from a Hindoo, man or woman—bunt, bunt, and that is the whole. Rejoiced by the sight of the Tappal—two letters—both duns. The original debt has doubled itself, I find, with their blessed rate of interest!—twelve per cent!—and people cry out against usury laws!—let them come to India. They are so ready to give credit, that one is tempted to extravagance, and marriage, and perpetual exile.

“Monday.—Advanced another stage—are likely to remain some time—pleasant rest, indeed! It rained all night; and the natural consequence is, the coming down of the river.—I have tried a mile lower down, and it is not fordable—sweet place for the pitching of our tabernacle, indeed! A rocky plain, a village half a mile off, and a nullah in the way: so the Sepoys are constantly grumbling at the difficulty of getting our supplies.—Baby ailing—poor little wretch!—this is ‘to be nursed in the lap’ of oriental luxury. The outer khenaut is wet through; and the trench they have dug round, seems threatening to overflow every hour.—I expect to fall into fever; and how to get on, Heaven only knows!—One has nothing left for it, but to fold oneself in one’s boat cloak, and pass away quietly; for the hope of timely medical aid here is out of the question—require an extra glass to keep up the *vis vita*, and cannot positively afford it, our stock is so reduced.

“Tuesday.—River continues impassable; poor child sick.

“Wednesday.—Ditto, ditto.

“Thursday.—Ibidem.

“Friday.—Started at three, A.M., report being made that the river was fordable. Bearers, as usual, carried the body of the palkie on their shoulders; nevertheless, my wife got a demibath. Came to our ground late, and found the people had pitched at the wrong village, which was deserted, and of course nothing to be obtained in the way of supplies. Got some rice and dried fish; obliged to alleviate the child’s hunger with congee-water. Could not remain, so sent on the things four miles, and of course got to the ground before the fly was raised—chill, wet, and uncomfortable; the ground damp, and shivering as if we all had intermittents. Cook came up three hours after; pretended he had lost his way; thrashed him soundly, and felt warm and comfortable with the exercise.”

“Monday.—Woke this morning at three o’clock; am not aware that any noise disturbed me. \* \* \* Found the corner seam of the khenaut cut open, just at the foot of my couch, and a bullock-trunk abstracted. Rose in alarm and called my wife, who, naturally enough, went into hysterics, at the consciousness of the thief’s former proximity. Gave the alarm, and a hot

pursuit commenced. Ascended an adjacent bund, found the trunk broken open, and sundry of its contents scattered about, the thieves having apparently been interrupted in the act of examining the spoil. Recovered the major portion of the wearing apparel, but saw no traces of forty rupees which had been deposited therein. Found on inquiry, that the chain which ought to secure the trunks, had been missing at the last stage. Have not the least doubt one of my own fellows was, if not the perpetrator, at least *particeps criminis*.

**"Tuesday.**—Got newspapers by Tappal today, and a letter from Andrews—kind, friendly, and just what a brother-officer's ought to be. Invites us to put up in his quarters on joining, until we can find a house. Very glad to find ourselves certain of a shelter; Ann is quite enlivened by the prospect, notwithstanding the retrospect of last night's losses.

**"Wednesday.**—Kept awake all last night by the performance of a marriage-ceremony in the village. We were pitched so close as to have the full benefit of their horrible discord.—What is meant by a natural taste for music? \*

**"Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.**—Made the usual progress with the usual disagreeables—one day so like another that we are obliged to consult the route to know that time is really travelling onward at his usual pace. My wife ridicules the attempt at keeping a Journal on a march in India, which, she says, is less interesting than a log-book, inasmuch as there is less variation—of the compass, I suppose she means. But how can I contrive to pass the day otherwise? Hamilton's Gazetteer, and a volume of Sir John Malcolm, will not last for ever, nor can they be always endured. Now there are great helps towards putting an hour to death, in this attempt at journalizing. Preparing the paper, pens, and ink, of which the latter is dried up before I am willing to dispense with its aid; then, thinking over all I have seen for the sake of discovering what I shall say; then reading what has been written in order to avoid repetition, 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' In short, I recommend a diary to all travellers by land with tents, going at the rate of ten miles per diem, as the best possible recipe against suicide."

Had there been many such pictures as this, we would most willingly have extended our extracts.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, IX. *Ireland, a Tale.* By Harriet Martineau. London: Fox.

"SOME grit neighbours of his, grippit by his living and land; and they say his wife was turned out o' the house to the hill side.—Weel, Rob cam hame, and found desolation, God pity us! where he left plenty; he looked east, west, north, and south, and saw neither hauld nor hope—neither heild nor shelter—sae he e'en pu'd the bonnet over his brow, belted the broad sword to his side, took to the brae-side, and became a broken man." Irishmen have often lamented that the "great northern enchanter" never made their country the scene of any of his mighty creations, never depicted the savage ferocity of their loyal Claverhouses, nor the ruthless vengeance of their insurgent Burleyses; but the pictures of the man who draws from the stern reality of nature have a fearful extent of application,—the details, indeed, individualize the delineation, but the outlines belong to the invariable and unvaried laws of humanity and society. The simple pathos with which Bailie Nicol Jarvie details by what means Rob Roy was changed from an en-

terprising grazier into a daring leader of banditti, has never been praised proportionate to its merits, because, in England, for many centuries, and in Scotland for nearly one, no such scenes have been exhibited; but, in Ireland, where rustic insurrections are as fixedly periodical as the return of the comets, the sentence we have quoted will be recognized as a description, equally powerful and true, of occurrences that are matters of daily observation.

Nor can we join with many Irishmen in the belief, that if Sir Walter Scott had devoted his talents to portraying the calamitous condition of Ireland, and pointing out the causes that have "marred into a wilderness" a country on which nature has bestowed her bounties with more than a lavish hand, public opinion would have forced the delinquents to make such a change as would bring order out of confusion. That shame has little influence on large bodies of men, is an aphorism whose truth is proved by every page of history, and, unfortunately for Ireland, the errors, and even the crimes, that she has suffered from, belong to classes, and not to individuals. Miss Edgeworth long ago pointed out the destructive policy of rack-rents, and proved that the landlord who grinds his tenants to the earth destroys the sources of his own prosperity;—Banim showed the outrageous folly of religious animosity;—those who have declaimed against Christian teachers becoming missionaries of war, and not ambassadors of peace, are beyond number; but what have availed, lectures, warnings, reproaches, and entreaties?

Classes are armed so strong in obstinacy,  
That they pass by them as the idle wind,  
Which they regard not.

These are melancholy reflections, by no means calculated to soothe the anguish of heart with which we have read Miss Martineau's "over true tale." The "northern magician" himself has hardly produced a more faithful portraiture of life and manners than this little book contains; it records not a single incident which our eyes have not witnessed; and our ears have heard the exact words in which her peasants threaten "the wild justice of revenge." But of what avail will this exposure of ills, to Englishmen almost incredible, be? The insane providence of the peasant, the short-sighted rapacity of the landlord, the fantastic schemes of unreflecting benevolence, aggravating the evils it proposes to remove;—all these, and more and worse than these, will continue, for they belong not to individuals, but to masses of population; and though a man might heal himself, he cannot simultaneously heal all his neighbours.

We are particularly pleased with one virtue of this amiable writer, because it evinces a sound intelligence, rarely displayed by those who make Ireland the theme of their spoken or written declamations: she does not recommend an act of parliament as a panacea for all evils, past, present, and to come. To Ireland there is no lesson more important than that given by one of her own most delightful bards,

How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

A change in the vicious construction of society, the breaking up of the distinct masses that continue in a state of hostile repulsion, the attribution of many evils to circumstances

and not to persons, the distinction between crimes arising from situation and those that result from malice—these are the reforms of which Ireland is most immediately in want, but these are reforms that can be given by no legislature. It would be wiser to make laws regulating the trajectory of a comet, than to prescribe rules for the habits of thought, and erect legislative standards of judgment.

Under the Jewish theocracy, a scapegoat was annually sent into the wilderness, who was supposed to carry with him all the sins of the people. The goat had committed murder, burned the high priest's house, stolen shew-bread from the temple, violated the sabbath, and built a temple to Moloch; all of which charges were brought against the goat most virulently by the actual perpetrators of the crimes. Nay, on these occasions, the Pharisees and Sadducees for a moment forgot their differences, and joined heart and hand in pronouncing a sentence of condemnation on the goat, for every crime, possible and impossible, that had been laid to his charge. Of such goats the Irish seem to have a tolerably large flock, they have just now turned out the British parliament for a hunt; and never did the Israelites in their wildest days heap upon their goat a greater quantity of groundless accusations. It has pulled the triggers of policemen, placed stones in the hands of peasants, robbed the church, sanctioned the church's extortions, armed the magistracy with illegal power, deprived the magistrates of all power, urged the landlords to charge extravagant rents, counselled the tenants not to pay—in short, the British parliament, because it has done nothing, is, by a strange inference, proved to have done everything.

We wish that our Irish brethren would forthwith dismiss the goats, and learn that the first reform is one, not only in their own power, but totally beyond the power of everybody else. They must change the present constitution of Irish society—they must not be led away by the contemptible sophism of name, which has already worked so much mischief; they must substitute the Baconian for the Aristotelic philosophy, and regard individuals as individuals, not as representatives of classes, sects, or parties. If they seriously design to have the evils of Ireland removed, they must set about the task themselves; the lazy countryman calling on Hercules, instead of putting his own shoulders to the wheel, but faintly typifies the folly of those who call on parliament to effect a moral revolution;—they rather resemble Hercules, sitting with his hands in his pocket, a pipe in his mouth, and a jug of whisky punch beside him, entreating a pigmy to cleanse the Augean stables. If a guide be necessary to show how the great work of reformation must be begun, we know of none better, none that combines so admirably a powerful delineation of life, with the most valuable and practical rules for its regulation, than '*Ireland*,' a tale, by Harriet Martineau.

*A Masque; Represented at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.* By James Sheridan Knowles. London: Moxon.

A masque!—the very word is a spell that conjures up recollections of times when art exhausted imagination in devising graceful

entertainment for assembled beauty;—when the sweetest verses that were ever penned, the songs of Ben Jonson, were set to worthy airs by the choicest musicians;—when Inigo Jones himself consented to play mechanist to the noble devices of the poet;—when high-born ladies, and even royalty, were content to personate his characters, and kings, and princes, and nobility looked on in admiration and delight.—A masque, says Lord Bacon, if we remember right, is written for princes, and must be by princes played.

We owe Mr. Knowles a debt of gratitude, if it be only for touching this one chord of memory. We seemed, when we first looked on his title-page, to have thrown off the encumbrances of twenty years—to have assailed ourselves of all its miserable experiences—to be yet young, and as full of heart and hope as when we were worshippers of the noblest race of men that ever gladdened this green earth. We have since tamed down into critics, and humbled our standard of criticism to the judgment of "the public": we are now content to defer, cap in hand, to every puny whistler—to measure nonsense by nothingness, and speak of their comparative value—to clap hands and applaud the poor fluttering insects of a publishing season. Thanks—thanks to Mr. Knowles for awakening recollections of the past.

We are in no humour to offend truth by comparing this "humble garland, wreathed in haste," with the perfect works of the old dramatist—it is enough to say, that it is not wholly unworthy of the occasion.—It is, indeed, a pleasant and graceful trifle, happily conceived, and with some sweet poetry—for instance, when Fancy calls up the Pageant:

Fair Genii of the Sister Isles, where'er  
Your subtle essences, that mock the ken  
Of human sense, abide,—at Fancy's call,  
Painting the air with shapes of human mould  
And vocal power, appear!

And the following—

Enter the GENIUS OF SCOTTISH SONG, by whom  
the following is sung:

Cold, cold the wind sighs,  
Colder the Bard lies,  
Where never sunrise  
Breaks on his bed!  
Not his own lyre, strung  
Anew, every chord rung,  
Could with its sweet tongue,  
Raise his low head!

Who, in the wide land  
Lifts now the fallen wand,  
Once, by his great hand,  
Waved o'er the scene?  
Gone is the charm-spell,  
Lost when the Bard fell,—  
All shall its power tell,—  
None boast again!

*Hoei-lan-ki; ou, l'Histoire du Cercle de Craie, Drame en Prose et en Vers, traduit du Chinois, et accompagné de Notes, par Stanislas Julien. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund. London: Murray; and Parbury & Co.*

THE labours of Sir George Staunton, Dr. Morrison, Mr. Davis, Abel Rémusat, and a few others, have laid open some of the literary treasures to be found among that singular people, the Chinese. M. Julien, the translator of 'Hoei-lan-ki,' has never resided in China, yet the valuable preface to his work is proof of the extensive knowledge he has acquired of the language, and the value of his researches.

The plot of this drama is very simple, though it includes intrigue, poisoning, and

many other of "the ills that flesh is heir to." A private gentleman, having been some time married without being blessed with any offspring, is captivated by the charms of the daughter of a neighbour, and makes her his second wife. The laws of China allow of polygamy, but the first wife alone is considered the "legitimate" one; she takes precedence in matrimonial honours, unless the second anticipate her in presenting the husband with a son. This happened in the case of *Le Seigneur Ma*, the gentleman in question. Hence arises jealousy on the part of the first wife, which leads to the husband being poisoned, the favoured wife being made the unwitting instrument of his destruction. A plot is successfully laid by the first wife in conjunction with her paramour, a chief clerk in the municipal court; and the unfortunate mother, falling into the snare, is accused of the murder of the father of her child: witnesses are suborned by the aid of the unprincipled lawyer, and the case is heard before the judge: she is about to be condemned, in the absence of any evidence in her favour. The guilty one now lays claim to the infant, in order to possess herself of the father's property; and no proof of maternity being adduced on either side sufficient to satisfy the judge, he has recourse to a stratagem, similar to that in the celebrated judgment of Solomon: he orders a circle to be made with chalk\* on the floor, the child to be placed in it, and the two wives are required to pull at its arms, the judge declaring, that she who can drag the babe out of the circle shall be acknowledged as the mother. After several trials, in which the second wife is always unsuccessful, being deterred from using her full strength, lest she should injure the infant, the judge, concluding from this proof of affection that she is the mother, decides in her favour. The denouement involves the detection and punishment of the guilty. The drama extends through four acts, and is divided into scenes after the usual fashion;—its person cannot fail to bring the reader acquainted in some degree with the customs and domestic manners of the Chinese.

This translation is worthily dedicated to Sir George Staunton, and is printed for the Oriental Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland. It is done with great care and seeming accuracy, and, with the numerous notes, must prove a valuable acquisition to our limited library of Chinese literature.

*A Memoir of the late Capt. Peter Heywood, R.N., with Extracts from his Diaries and Correspondence. By Edward Tagart. London: Wilson.*

Capt. Heywood was, we are willing to admit, an excellent man—but he grew up surrounded by all the gentle influences of an amiable family, and his feelings and mind seem to us from the first to have been deeply imbued with a love of peace, domestic happiness, and literary leisure. The mutiny on board the *Bounty*, and his subsequent sufferings and trial, were the accidents of his fortune; they brought him prominently before the public, when his own feelings and disposition would have carried him through life as one of the hundreds of zealous and valuable officers of no mark or likelihood. The only hero or heroine connected with his name or fortunes, was his

sister Nussy, who will live in memory as long as hearts beat, and affection and goodness are dear to the world. How far this Memoir will be acceptable to the public, it is difficult to foretell; certainly the publication would not have been justified, but for the misfortunes of Heywood's early life—and with all the particulars of that period we were previously fully informed;—still there are many to whom a connected narrative may be welcome. We however must presume that our readers are acquainted with the history of the mutiny, and shall, therefore, confine our extracts to a single letter, which, we believe, has not been before published, and which, in its connexion with the early events of Heywood's life, cannot fail to be read with interest.

\* Montagu, Gibraltar, February 1, 1816.

"An event of rather a singular nature occurred to me two or three days ago, and I confess I have still so much of the *savage* about me as to have been in no small degree interested by it. I heard accidentally, last Sunday, that there were two poor unfortunate Tahitians on board the *Calypso*, who had been kidnapped, and brought away from their island by an English ship about thirteen or fourteen months ago. Thence they went to Lima, and in a Spanish ship were conveyed to Cadiz, where soon after their arrival last June, they made their escape, and got on board the *Calypso*, where they have remained ever since, unable to make themselves understood, and hopeless of ever revisiting their native country, to which they ardently long to go back, and God knows, and so do I, that is not to be wondered at. As I thought they would be much more at their ease and comfortable with me, I ordered them to be discharged into the *Montagu*, and they were brought on board. Never, as long as I live, shall I forget the emotions of these poor creatures, when, on entering the door of my cabin, I welcomed them in their own way, by exclaiming,

"Ma now, wa, Eho, mia! Youwa t'Etoia, to harre a nye! Welcome, my friends! God save you in coming here!"

"They could scarce believe their ears when I accosted them in a language so dear to them, and which, except by each other, they had not heard pronounced since they were torn from their country. They seemed at the moment electrified. A rush of past recollections at once filled their minds, and then, in a tone and with an expression peculiar to these people, and strikingly mournful, they sighed out together and in unison:

"Attye, hnoy ay! Attye huoy to tawa Vnooa, my tye ay! It's roa go heo ay! Alas! alas! our good country, we shall never see it more!"

"I took each by the hand and told them, that if I lived they should be sent home to their country, and assured them, that in the mean time they should remain with me, and that I would be their countryman, their friend and protector. Poor fellows! they were quite overwhelmed—their tears flowed apace—and they wept the thankfulness they could not express. They looked wistfully at me and at each other. God knows what was passing in their minds, but in a short time they grew calm and felt comforted; and they now feel contented and happy. It was a scene which I would not have lost for much more than I ought to say. But there is no describing the state of one's mind in witnessing the sensibilities of another fellow-being, with a conviction, at the same time, that they are true and unaffected. And, good God! with what ease that is discovered. What an amazing difference there is between these children of nature and the pupils of art and refinement! It was a scene worthy of being described by a better pen—a sincere expression

\* This supplies the title of the play.



of nature's genuine, best feelings, such as we sometimes read of in many of our *civilized novels*; but rarely, very rarely, see, in this *civilized hemisphere* of ours, and which, indeed, I do believe I very seldom have seen wholly unsophisticated by some selfish passion, which interest mixes with them, but polish teaches to conceal, except among the poor untaught *savages* of the island which gave these men birth—where plenty and content are the portion of all, unalloyed by care, envy, or ambition—where labour is needless and want unknown. At least, such it was twenty-five years ago. And after all that is said and done among us great and wise people of the earth, pray what do we all toil for, late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness, but to reach, at last, the very state to which they are born—ease of circumstances, and the option of being idle or busy as we please? But if I go on this way you will say I am a *savage*, and so I believe I am, and ever shall be in some points; but let that pass.

"As these poor fellows appear to be very wretched in a state of existence so new to them, so foreign to their original manners and habits, and as their ignorance utterly disqualifies them for enjoying what they cannot comprehend the value of, and renders them useless members of a state of civilization and refinement such as ours, I have written a public letter to Mr. Croker, and a private one to Admiral Hope, to beg they may be sent out to their own country, should the newspaper reports be true, that our government intends to send a vessel to Pitcairn's Island with articles of comfort and convenience for the new-discovered progeny of the Bounty's people. This discovery naturally interested me much when I first heard of it in 1809, at the Admiralty; but still more has the information given us since by Sir Thomas Staines and Captain Pipon interested me. A very lively and general curiosity seems to have been excited to know more about a race of beings so new and uncommon in the composition of their character, and not the less so from its purity. And even my curiosity (gratified as it has been already by seeing man in every stage of society, from the miserable savage of New Holland to the most cultivated and refined European) has been awakened by the accounts of these officers; so that, were I on the spot, and any thing were going out that way, it is not at all clear to me but that I should be tempted to endeavour to go and look at this new species, as well as to judge whether the natives of Tahiti have, upon the whole, been benefited, or the reverse, by their intercourse with Europe for the last twenty-five years. I know what they were then, and I believe there are few persons, if any, now living, who possess the same means of judging of the change that may have taken place, because all those who saw them about that time were but casual visitors; and if I may be allowed to judge from what has been written, these visitors *knew* just as much about the people as they did of their language; and a man must have a strangely-constructed head who can believe that anything which it is most interesting to know concerning a strange people, can *possibly be known* (correctly at least) without the latter. Yet we meet with many descriptions of their manners, customs, religion, and ceremonies, of their government and policy, (if they have any,) that must have been comprehended. How? Why, by the eye alone. Now is this possible? No; and I can only say, that more than two years and a half's residence among them, and a very competent knowledge of their language, never enabled me to discover the truth of *nearly* all the descriptions of those matters before the public, most of which I, at this moment, believe never to have had existence except in the heads of the writers!"

This letter is of itself evidence of the

strong plain sense and kind feeling which, in our view especially, characterized Captain Heywood.

*Byron's Life and Works.* Vol. XI. London: Murray.

In the poems and notes of this volume the reader may find the poetical, and much of the personal history of the noble poet, from the time he left Switzerland in 1816, till he took up his residence at Ravenna, in the beginning of the year 1820. "It includes," says the editor, "some example of almost every kind of poetical composition, in which he ever excelled; among others, the first, and perhaps greatest of his dramatic efforts, and the earliest specimen of his comic narrative." The works thus truly characterized are 'Manfred,' the 'Lament of Tasso,' 'Beppo,' 'Mazeppa,' and the 'Prophecy of Dante,' with a variety of lesser compositions. They are printed from the last corrected copy of Byron's works, and accompanied with notes, critical, explanatory, and historical. There are such striking variations in the dialogues and narratives, as are worthy the consideration of all who desire to see the first rude attempts and the finished efforts of genius; and there are passages of great critical talent in the notes, written by men scarcely inferior in genius to Byron himself; nor should the engravings be forgotten, for they are of singular beauty, particularly the Bridge of Sighs at Venice, by Turner, and the Bernese Alps, by the same master. Much of the interest which belongs to a new work is given to this volume, by the judicious and elegant manner in which it is arranged and printed, and adorned with the labours of the artist and the critic.

The 'Manfred' we have always considered the most sublime of Byron's compositions: all is in keeping—the scene, the man, his torments, his crime, and its punishment. There is a grandeur about the character of Manfred which almost approaches that of Milton's Satan; and the words of the latter—"Fallen spirit, to be weak is miserable,"—may be considered as the sentiment on which both characters are founded. That it was suggested by 'The Faust' of Goethe, is as true as that the original genius of Byron would not for a moment permit him to follow any guide, save that of his own spirit: it is altogether a more majestic composition than the 'Faust'—there is something in it akin to the tranquil grandeur of the ancient marbles. It is well observed by Professor Wilson:

"In all Lord Byron's heroes we recognize, though with infinite modifications, the same great characteristics—a high and audacious conception of the power of the mind,—an intense sensibility of passion,—an almost boundless capacity of tumultuous emotion,—a haunting admiration of the grandeur of disordered power,—and, above all, a soul-felt, blood-felt delight in beauty. 'Parisina' is full of it to overflowing; it breathes from every page of the 'Prisoner of Chillon'; but it is in 'Manfred' that it riots and revels among the streams, and waterfalls, and groves, and mountains, and heavens. There is in the character of Manfred more of the self-might of Byron than in all his previous productions. He has therein brought, with wonderful power, metaphysical conceptions into forms,—and we know of no poem in which the aspect of external nature is throughout lighted up with an expression at once so beautiful, solemn, and majestic. It is the poem, next

to 'Childe Harold,' which we should give to a foreigner to read, that he might know something of Byron. Shakspeare has given to those abstractions of human life and being, which are truth in the intellect, forms as full, clear, glowing, as the idealized forms of visible nature. The very words of Ariel picture to us his beautiful being. In 'Manfred,' we see glorious but immature manifestations of similar power. The poet there creates, with delight, thoughts and feelings and fancies into visible forms, that he may cling and cleave to them, and clasp them in his passion. The beautiful Witch of the Alps seems exhaled from the luminous spray of the cataract,—as if the poet's eyes, unsated with the beauty of inanimate nature, gave spectral apparitions of loveliness to feed the pure passion of the poet's soul."

The same critic discusses, in another passage, the scepticism which is allied with too many of the heroes of Byron.

"There are three only, even among the great poets of modern times, who have chosen to depict, in their full shape and vigour, those agonies to which great and meditative intellects are, in the present progress of human history, exposed by the eternal recurrence of a deep and discontented scepticism. But there is only one who has dared to represent himself as the victim of those nameless and undefinable sufferings. Goethe chose for his doubts and his darkness the terrible disguise of the mysterious Faustus. Schiller, with still greater boldness, planted the same anguish in the restless, haughty, and heroic bosom of Wallenstein. But Byron has sought no external symbol in which to embody the inquietudes of his soul. He takes the world, and all that it inherit, for his arena and his spectators; and he displays himself before their gaze, wrestling unceasingly and ineffectually with the demon that torments him. At times, there is something mournful and depressing in his scepticism; but oftener it is of a high and solemn character, approaching to the very verge of a confiding faith. Whatever the poet may believe, we, his readers, always feel ourselves too much ennobled and elevated, even by his melancholy, not to be confirmed in our own belief by the very doubts so majestically conceived and uttered. His scepticism, if it ever approaches to a creed, carries with it its refutation in its grandeur. There is neither philosophy nor religion in those bitter and savage taunts which have been cruelly thrown out, from many quarters, against those moods of mind which are involuntary, and will not pass away; the shadows and spectres which still haunt his imagination may once have disturbed our own;—through his gloom there are frequent flashes of illumination;—and the sublime sadness which to him is breathed from the mysteries of mortal existence, is always joined with a longing after immortality, and expressed in language that is itself divine."

Of the variations, our readers may take the following specimen: it belongs to the first scene in the third act:—

Abbot. Then, hear and tremble! For the headstrong  
Who in the mail of innate hardness [wretch  
Would shield himself, and battle for his sins,  
There is the stake on earth, and beyond earth eternal—  
Man. Charity, most revered father,  
Becomes thy lips so much more than this menace,  
That I would call thee back to it; but say,  
What wouldst thou with me?

Abbot. It may be there are  
Things that would shake thee—but I keep them back,  
And give thee till to-morrow to repent.  
Then if thou dost not all devote thyself  
To penance, and with gift of all thy lauds  
To the monastery—

Man. I understand thee—well!  
Abbot. Expect no mercy: I have warned thee.  
Man. (opening the casket). Stop—  
There is a gift for thee within this casket.  
(Manfred opens the casket, strikes a  
light, and burns some incense.  
Ho! Ashtaroth!

*The Demon Ashtaroth appears, singing as follows:*

The raven sits  
On the raven-stone,  
And his black wing flits  
O'er the milk-white bone;  
To and fro, as the night-winds blow,  
The carcass of the assassin swings;  
And there alone, on the raven-stone,<sup>t</sup>  
The raven flaps his dusky wings.  
The fetters creak—and his ebony beak  
Croaks to the close of the hollow sound;  
And this is the tune, by the light of the moon,  
To which the witches dance their round—  
Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily,  
Merrily, speeds the ball:  
The dead in their shrouds, and the demons in clouds,  
Flock to the witches' carnival.

*Abbot.* I fear thee not—hence—hence—  
Avant thee, evil one!—help, ho! without there!  
*Man.* Convey this man to the Shreckhorn—to its peak—

To its extreme peak—watch with him there  
From now till sunrise; let him gaze, and know  
He ne'er again will be so near to heaven.  
But harm him not; and, when the morrow breaks,  
Set him down safe in his cell—away with him!  
*Ash.* Had I not better bring his brethren too,  
Convent and all, to bear him company?

*Man.* No, this will serve for the present. Take him up.

*Ash.* Come, friar! now an exorcism or two,  
And we shall fly the lighter.

*Ashtaroth disappears with the Abbot, singing as follows:*

A prodigal son, and a maid undone,  
And a widow re-wedded within the year;  
And a worldly monk, and a pregnant nun,  
Are things which every day appear.

*Man.* (alone). Why would this fool break in on me,  
and love

My art to pranks fantastical?—no matter,  
It was not of my seeking. My heart sickens,  
And weighs a fix'd forboding on my soul:  
But it is calm—calm as a sullen sea  
After the hurricane; the winds are still,  
But the cold waves swell high and heavily,  
And there is danger in them. Such a rest  
Is no repose. My life hath been a combat,  
And every thought a wound, till I am scarr'd  
In the immortal part of me.—What now?

In the notes to the 'Lament of Tasso,' we observe some extracts from the Life of that distinguished poet by John Black, of the *Morning Chronicle*: also passages from Hobhouse, and Jeffrey, and Wilson—all marked by the peculiarities of the writers, and all uniting in one great object—the illustration of this fine poem. The introduction to 'Beppo' contains some passages from the burlesque poem by Frere, which had wit enough to season a longer work, but not enough of living life and manners for a shorter one: it furnished the model of Byron's verse, both in 'Beppo' and 'Don Juan.' Of this production, Jeffrey says—

"This extremely clever and amusing performance affords a very curious and complete specimen of a kind of diction and composition of which our English literature has hitherto presented very few examples. It is, in itself, absolutely a thing of nothing—without story, characters, sentiments, or intelligible object;—a mere piece of lively and loquacious prattling, in short, upon all kinds of frivolous subjects,—a sort of gay and desultory babbling about Italy and England, Turks, balls, literature, and fish sauces. But still there is something very engaging in the uniform gaiety, politeness, and good humour of the author, and something still more striking and admirable in the matchless facility with which he has cast into regular, and even difficult, versification the unmingled, unconstrained, and unselected language of the most light, familiar, and ordinary conversation. With great skill and felicity, he has furnished us with an example of about one hundred stanzas of good verse, entirely composed of common words, in their common places: never presenting us with one sprig of what is called poetical

<sup>t</sup> "Raven-stone (Rabenstein), a translation of the German word for the gibbet, which in Germany and Switzerland is permanent, and made of stone."

diction, or even making use of a single inversion, either to raise the style or assist the rhyme—but running on in an inexhaustible series of good easy colloquial phrases, and finding them fall into verse by some unaccountable and happy fatality. In this great and characteristic quality it is almost invariably excellent. In some other respects, it is more unequal. About one half is as good as possible, in the style to which it belongs; the other half bears, perhaps, too many marks of that haste with which such a work must necessarily be written. Some passages are rather too snappish, and some run too much on the cheap and rather plebeian humour of out-of-the-way rhymes, and strange-sounding words and epithets. But the greater part is extremely pleasant, amiable, and gentleman-like."

Of 'Mazeppa,'—one of the most characteristic of his compositions,—we can only find room to say, that the copy sent to this country for the press, is in the hand-writing of Theresa, Countess Guiccioli; "and it is impossible," says the editor, "not to suspect that the poet had some circumstance of his own personal history in his mind, when he portrayed the fair Polish Theresa, her youthful lover, and the jealous rage of the old Count Palatine. Among the miscellaneous pieces there are several in the shape of poetic epistles, to Mr. Murray, the bookseller,—some in the spirit of pleasant banter, and all in a more kindly and affectionate tone, than what is common between publisher and author. The "Strahan, Tounson, Lintot of the times" is making the best return he can for such immortality: he is sending out the noble poet's works to the world in a way unequalled for cheapness and elegance.

*Réflexions sur l'Etude des Langues Asiatiques adressées à Sir James Mackintosh; suivies d'une Lettre à M. Horace Hayman Wilson. (Thoughts on the Study of the Asiatic Languages, addressed to Sir James Mackintosh; with a Letter to Mr. H. H. Wilson, Professor at Oxford.)* Par A. W. de Schlegel, Professeur à l'Université Royale de Bonn, &c. Bonn, 1832.

THE name of Augustus William Schlegel is familiar to our readers: his Lectures on Dramatic Literature, so ably translated by Mr. Black, have been as extensively read in England as on the continent: he is equally celebrated as a poet, a critic, and a philologist; but it may not be so generally known that he has devoted many of the latter years of his life to the study of Sanscrit literature; and his object, in the present publication, is to urge on the British government to adopt measures, worthy of its vast interests in the east, for the wider diffusion of a thorough and critical knowledge of that primitive and refined language. With a previous knowledge of Sanscrit, the attainment of the various living dialects of India is comparatively easy. It is, indeed, a dead language, and has been so for many ages; but some estimate of its vast transference into the living languages,—the Bengalee, for instance,—may be formed, when it is stated, that of 1200 words in that dialect, 1000 will be found to be pure Sanscrit. The changes which have reduced it from the language of the living, to that only of books and of the learned, consist, chiefly, in the simplification and abolition, in most cases, of its numerous inflections; but the roots

of the language are interwoven in all the Indian dialects. About six months ago Professor Schlegel visited England, with the purpose, as we understood, of inducing some eminent London bookseller to undertake the publication of the present volume; but here again it would not do: the book was written in French, and consequently there was little hope of a remunerating sale in England.

"If," as Professor Schlegel remarks, "there are men in England who look upon India merely in the light of a well-fed cow, that is to be thoroughly milked, without any other thoughts about her welfare, to such the lines of Horace are truly applicable—

*Impiger extremos curvis mercator ad Indos,  
Per mare, pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes;  
Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?*

But the inquiries instituted by Parliament already prove, and the discussion in parliament on the renewal of the East India Company's Charter, will prove still more, that English statesmen have more extensive and elevated views. They know that a good system of administration is the only means of consolidating a distant empire of such fearful extent: they know that a good administration cannot exist without a knowledge, not only of what respects the physical condition of the population, but of their moral and intellectual state; of their religion, laws, and customs; and that the Sanscrit language and the ancient Hindoo literature are the key to all this knowledge; that it is at the same time the root of most of the modern languages of India, a knowledge of which is so necessary to the officers of government."

The Professor criticizes freely the plan of the recently-formed Oriental Translation Society, which, in our judgment, promises well for the encouragement of oriental learning; but which he is of opinion will be found inimical to sound scholarship; although, no doubt, calculated to diffuse, among mere English readers, a greater knowledge of eastern history and manners, than they could have obtained by any other means.

In the Letter to the Oxford Professor, we have a little gladiatorial display—an angry personal attack. Mr. Wilson, it appears, has written disparagingly of the labours of Continental Sanscrit scholars, and of Schlegel in particular: his own attainments in Sanscrit are here subjected to some minute criticism, to which, we have no doubt, he or his friends will readily reply.

We cannot but notice that among the difficulties experienced by oriental scholars in England, Schlegel mentions

"The refusal to lend MSS. from public libraries. The libraries are never open," he says, "but during a certain limited time, and those who wish to study are subject to many inconveniences and interruptions; while, on the other hand, the permission to take the MS. home would facilitate the long and painful labour of copying or collating. No doubt this precaution is taken lest the MSS. should get mislaid, lost, or injured; but dust, and damp, and mildew, and worms, are far more dangerous enemies to these treasures of learning, than the negligence or thievishness of scholars. Literary history presents few instances of thefts committed on such articles. The great philologist, Gerard Vossius, it is true, carried away with him, in secrecy, from Sweden, the celebrated 'Codex Argenteus'; but he pretended that it was only done as a sort of pledge for the payment of a sum of money owing to him by Queen Christiana. I do not say that all the world should have such a liberty; but surely

\* See Athenæum, No. 260.



the reputation of a scholar, whose name is known all over Europe, might be deemed sufficient security. Here I owe a tribute of gratitude to France for her courtesy towards the learned of other countries. What I now propose is done at Paris with the utmost liberality. Sir W. Jones was of my opinion, for in bequeathing his MSS. to the Royal Society, it was on the express condition that they might be lent out, without difficulty, to any studious men who may apply for them."

This is a disputed point, upon which we were willing to record the opinion of so eminent a man—but, with all due deference, we must beg leave to differ from him. We cannot for a moment admit the preference which he proposes should be given to fame and scholarship—the laws regulating public libraries must be equal and of universal application, otherwise their administration would soon degenerate into favouritism. We happen to have at this moment before us, a clever paper by M. Jacob, published in 'Le Livre des Cent-et-Un,' on the management of the public libraries at Paris—and he sets out with the broad assertion, that, owing to the liberality commended by Schlegel, the public libraries of Paris are totally useless. "The King's Library," he says, "is like a town, under pillage; the books had better be chained, as of old. Often all the books relating to any particular subject are lent to the same author for months and years—until, in short, his work is finished. So long as the fortunate first comer remains master of these materials, should he travel, be appointed to an office at the extremity of the kingdom, or consul at Trebisonde, never attempt a work which requires the same documents. You have no means of getting beforehand with a rival who has carried off a whole library, but must think yourself fortunate if he has not carried off the contents of all the libraries in the metropolis." Once permit the books and MSS. to be carried away, and they would be removed in cart-loads—every friend and relative of every soul connected with the library, would soon consider them as a sort of hereditary spoil; and our book-stalls would eventually be covered with such as had been so long stolen or "borrowed," that possession would give a title to them. It is said, that on the death of a literary man at Paris, no less than three hundred volumes having the library stamp, were found among his effects. It is possible that the management of the British Museum is not perfect—although we know not how it could be greatly improved without a more liberal grant from Parliament—but against this lending project we enter our serious protest.

We have now done. Our notice of this work has been written in great haste—but, an early copy having reached us, we were unwilling to delay a moment in announcing its publication to such of our readers as are interested in the subject of which it treats.

*The Amulet*: Edited by S. C. Hall. London: Westley & Davis.

*The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*: Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. London: Ackermann.

In this instance it is quite true, that man and wife are one—in taste and feeling; and certainly these volumes are worthy associates. Of the exquisite beauty of the plates we have heretofore spoken. For the literary

character of the Amulet, the Editor makes higher claims than we can honestly admit. There is, indeed, a sobriety and direct purpose in some of the papers which may please others, but the grace and ease of many in the Forget-Me-Not are more to our taste. It is true that they are very generally contributed by the same persons; but the fear of criticism, we suppose, is not before them when writing for the Juvenile. Were we called on to give a preference, and to make selection from all the Annuals without reference to their embellishments, we should deliberate only between the ladies: Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Watts have both done excellently well. We must, however, admit that the rhyming preface to the Juvenile is altogether a mistake, and only to be forgiven in consideration of the merit of the other papers. Travelling on the Ice—My dog Quail—The Settlers, by Miss Leslie—are favourites with us, but above all the sweet poem by Allan Cunningham, called—

*The Poet's Invitation.*

So, thou wilt quit thy comrades sweet,  
Nith's fountains, sweeping grove and holme,  
For distant London's dusty street?  
Then come, my youngest, fairest, come.  
For not the sunshine following showers,  
Nor fruit-buds to the wintry bowers,  
Nor lady-bracken to the bind,  
Nor warm bark to the tender rind,  
Nor song-bird to the sprouting tree,  
Nor heath-bell to the gathering bee,  
Nor golden daylight to sad eyes,  
Nor moon-star showing larks to rise,  
Nor son long lost in some far part,  
Who leaps back to his mother's heart,  
Nor lily to Dalswinton lea,  
Nor moonlight to the fairy,  
Can be so dear as thou to me,  
My youngest one, my Mary.

Look well on Nithsdale's lonely hills,  
Where they who love thee lived of yore;  
And dip thy small feet in the rills  
Which sing beside thy mother's door.  
There's not a bush on Blackwood lea,  
On broad Dalswinton not a tree,  
By Carse there's not a lily blow,  
On Coweill bank there's not a rose;  
By green Portrack no fruit-tree fair  
Hangs its ripe clusters in mid-air,  
But what in hours not long ago  
In idling mood were to me known;  
And now, though distant far, they seem  
Of heaven, and mix in many a dream.  
Of Nith's fair land I'm all the charms  
Upon thy heart, and carry  
The picture to thy father's arms—  
My youngest one, my Mary.

Nor on the lovely land alone  
Be all thy thoughts and fancy squandered;  
Look at thy right hand, there is one  
Who long with thee hath mused and wandered—  
Now with the wild bee 'mongst the flowers,  
Now with the song bird in the bowers;  
Or plucking balmy blooms, and throwing  
Them on the winds or waters flowing;  
Or marking with a mirthsome scream  
Your shadows changing in the stream;  
Or dancing o'er the painted ground,  
Till all the trees seem reeling round;  
Or listening to some far heard tune,  
Or gazing on the calm clear moon.  
O! think on her, whose nature sweet  
Could neither shift nor vary  
From gentle deeds and words discreet—  
Such Margaret was to Mary.

The pasture hills fade from thy sight,  
Nith sinks with all her silver waters;  
With all that's gentle, mild, and sweet,  
Of Nithsdale's dames and daughters.  
Proud London, with her golden spires,  
Her painted halls, and festal fires,  
Calls on thee with a mother's voice,  
And bids thee in her arms rejoice.  
But still, when Spring with primrose mouth  
Breathes o'er the violets of the south,  
Thou'lt hear the far wind-wafted sounds  
Of waves in Siddick's cavern'd bounds;  
The music of unnumbered rills  
Which sport on Nithsdale's haunted hills;  
And see old Moloch's hoary back  
That seems the clouds to carry,  
And dream thyself in green Portrack,  
My darling child, my Mary.

*The Elgin Annual*. Edited by James Grant.

It is stated in the preface, that the embellishments for this volume were drawn, the prose written, the whole printed, and the volume bound in the same premises—namely, the Elgin Courier Office. The work, therefore, may fairly be considered as Elgin manufacture—a bold and hazardous experiment for a little provincial town of 5,000 inhabitants, at 600 miles distance from the capital, when Liverpool itself could not uphold the 'Winter's Wreath.' Let us hope that the very daring will command success; and when we add, that the prose, though written entirely by Mr. Grant, is not wanting in variety or merit—that Dr. Bowring, Gertrude, Thomas Atkinson, Mr. James, Mr. Robert Chambers, and Mr. John Aitken, have sent poetical contributions—and that the volume flaunts itself in silk and gold, we may hope that the sale will be sufficient to reward the spirited projector.

*Horace, with English Notes*. By the Rev. H. Pemble.

THIS is the first effort made by the company of booksellers, to substitute school classics, with English notes, for the old Delphin editions; and we welcome it, not merely as an improvement, but also as a pledge of future benefits to the rising generation. If the spirit of reform once locates itself in the Chapter Coffee House, it will find sufficient employment there for the next seven years, even if its attention be directed solely to the standard books of education. We are so pleased with the plan of the work, that we are not disposed to be over critical with the execution, else should we complain of the extreme meagreness of some of the notes, the carelessness and marks of haste discernible in others, and the strange inconsistency of preserving the Life of Horace in Latin—thus partially continuing the evil which was designed to be removed. But these are faults that may be easily corrected; and we can safely recommend this as the best school edition of Horace which has yet been published.

If the booksellers intend to continue this improvement, through all the Delphin Classics, we should recommend the following amendment of their plan—viz. to discard completely the absurd Interpretatio; and, in its place, give an Ordo Verborum of the most difficult sentences.

*A short Explanation of Obsolete Words, in our Version of the Bible*. By the Rev. H. Cotton, D.C.L. Oxford: Parker.

A useful and well-digested little volume, which may be made to explain practices that are not obsolete, as well as words that are. We could not but smile at the reviews in the Booksellers' Gazette, of this work, and the following modest expressions of astonishment the week after:—"We are at a loss to conceive how we should have fallen into the error of stating, in our notice of Archdeacon Cotton's work," &c. &c. Why, the same way that they might have fallen into an error in their last week's report of Mr. Curtis's "highly instructive and interesting lecture." The review was sent with the book; and the report, by the Lecturer—if this be denied, let them produce the manuscripts.

*Anatomical Demonstrations, or Colossal Illustrations of Human Anatomy*. By Professor Seerig. Part II. London: Schloss.

THIS second part is equal in accuracy to the first, and we repeat our recommendation of the work, as not only useful to the student, but to the practitioner.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## MEMORIALS OF BURNS.

To \* \* \* \* \*

With a Rose from the garden of the house in which Burns was born; some Ivy from the bridge of Doon; and a tuft of Grass from the grave of his father, William Burns, in the church-yard of Alloway Kirk.

ACCEPT the pledge!—These blossoms grew  
A fair and hallowed soil to grace;  
No common air, no common dew,  
Have visited their dwelling place.  
Accept the pledge!—The giver's hand  
Can little added worth bestow,—  
Yet widely o'er her native land  
Her wandering steps might go,  
Nor bring her where a gift more meet  
Rose up—a poet's way to greet.

This rose!—Its stem perchance of yore  
Like blossoms to the breeze displayed,  
When Inspiration hovered o'er  
A poet's cradle near its shade.  
This Ivy!—On the wanton wind  
Its parent tree like tresses cast,  
When Burns, by lonely Doon reclined,  
Poured to the rushing blast  
Strains that all future time shall bless,  
To sanctify its loveliness.

This grass!—In common eyes its part  
May seem all valueless and low;  
But thou, the poet of the heart!  
Methinks thou wilt not deem it so!  
More dear, I ween, in thy regard,  
Than many a sculptured marble's work,  
The sod, that in the lone church-yard,  
Beneath the haunted kirk,  
Puts forth its lowly shoots to wave  
Above the Christian Father's grave.

I gathered them where every leaf  
Is whispering of the poet's fate;  
Where Scotland mourns in shame and grief,  
Above a name revered too late.  
Our empty honours reach him not!  
Yet where the heart so cold and hard  
To think upon the mournful lot  
Of Coila's matchless bard,  
Nor throb with thoughts of varied strain,  
Yet blending wisdom with their pain?

While human souls to genius thrill,  
While human passions live within,  
While man, the prey to human ill,  
Must watch—must flee—from human sin;—  
While darkness dims our brightest things,—  
While the thick halo girds the glory,—  
While earth weighs down the spirit's wings,—  
Shall tears bedew the story  
That mortal strength to weakness turns,  
In pointing to the name of Burns.

Then keep these flowers!—Though faded all,  
As earthly honours once shall be,  
The thoughts—the visions they recall,  
Are born for Immortality.  
They would have fall'n without a name,  
Left growing in their native land;  
I gave them death to bring them fame,  
Sent to a poet's hand,  
Within his soul the dreams to raise,  
That brings it back to other days.

And theirs is yet a nobler part,  
A loftier aim their visiting;—  
They steal upon the poet's heart,  
A theme more holy far to bring.  
They bid him turn from earthly bowers,  
Whose garlands only bloom to fall;  
They bid him seek for brighter flowers,  
Changeless and fadeless all;—  
And twine the laurel wreaths of earth,  
With blossoms of immortal birth.

Σ.

## CONTINUATION OF THE SHELLEY PAPERS.

## REMARKS ON "MANDEVILLE" AND MR. GODWIN.

BY THE LATE PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE author of 'Mandeville' is one of the most illustrious examples of intellectual power of the present age. He has exhibited that variety and universality of talent which distinguishes him who is destined to inherit lasting renown, from the possessors of temporary celebrity. If his claims were to be measured solely by the accuracy of his researches into ethical and political science, still it would be difficult to name a contemporary competitor. Let us make a deduction of all those parts of his moral system which are liable to any possible controversy, and consider simply those which only to allege is to establish, and which belong to that most important class of truths which he that announces to mankind seems less to teach than to recall.

'Political Justice' is the first moral system explicitly founded upon the doctrine of the negativeness of rights and the positiveness of duties,—an obscure feeling of which has been the basis of all the political liberty and private virtue in the world. But he is also the author of 'Caleb Williams'; and if we had no record of a mind, but simply some fragment containing the conception of the character of Falkland, doubtless we should say, "This is an extraordinary mind, and undoubtedly was capable of the very sublimest enterprises of thought."

St. Leon and Fleetwood are moulded with somewhat inferior distinctness, in the same character of an union of delicacy and power. The Essay on Sepulchres has all the solemnity and depth of passion which belong to a mind that sympathises, as one man with his friend, in the interest of future ages, in the concerns of the vanished generations of mankind.

It may be said with truth, that Godwin has been treated unjustly by those of his countrymen, upon whose favour temporary distinction depends. If he had devoted his high accomplishments to flatter the selfishness of the rich, or enforced those doctrines on which the powerful depend for power, they would, no doubt, have rewarded him with their countenance, and he might have been more fortunate in that sunshine than Mr. Malthus or Dr. Paley. But the difference would have been as wide as that which must for ever divide notoriety from fame. Godwin has been to the present age in moral philosophy what Wordsworth is in poetry. The personal interest of the latter would probably have suffered from his pursuit of the true principles of taste in poetry, as much as all that is temporary in the fame of Godwin has suffered from his daring to announce the true foundations of minds, if servility, and dependence, and superstition, had not been too easily reconcilable with his species of dissent from the opinions of the great and the prevailing. It is singular that the other nations of Europe should have anticipated, in this respect, the judgment of posterity; and that the name of Godwin and that of his late illustrious and admirable wife, should be pronounced, even by those who know but little of English literature, with reverence and admiration; and that the writings of Mary Wollstonecraft should have been trans-

lated, and universally read, in France and Germany, long after the bigotry of faction has stifled them in our own country.

'Mandeville' is Godwin's last production. In interest it is perhaps inferior to 'Caleb Williams.' There is no character like Falkland, whom the author, with that sublime casuistry which is the parent of toleration and forbearance, persuades us personally to love, whilst his actions must for ever remain the theme of our astonishment and abhorrence. Mandeville challenges our compassion, and no more. His errors arise from an immutable necessity of internal nature, and from much constitutional antipathy and suspicion, which soon springs up into hatred, and contempt, and barren misanthropy, which, as it has no root in genius or virtue, produces no fruit ungenial with the soil wherein it grew. Those of Falkland sprang from a high, though perverted conception of human nature, from a powerful sympathy with his species, and from a temper which led him to believe that the very reputation of excellence should walk among mankind unquestioned and unassailed. So far as it was a defect to link the interest of the tale with anything inferior to Falkland, so is Mandeville defective. But the varieties of human character, the depth and complexity of human motive,—those sources of the union of strength and weakness—those powerful sources of pleading for universal kindness and toleration,—are just subjects for illustration and development in a work of fiction; as such, 'Mandeville' yields in interest and importance to none of the productions of the author. The events of the tale flow like the stream of fate, regular and irresistible, growing at once darker and swifter in their progress: there is no surprise, no shock: we are prepared for the worst from the very opening of the scene, though we wonder whence the author drew the shadows which render the moral darkness every instant more fearful, at last so appalling and so complete. The interest is awfully deep and rapid. To struggle with it, would be the gossamer attempting to bear up against the tempest. In this respect it is more powerful than 'Caleb Williams': the interest of 'Caleb Williams' being as rapid, but not so profound, as that of 'Mandeville.' It is a wind that tears up the deepest waters of the ocean of mind.

The language is more rich and various, and the expressions more eloquently sweet, without losing that energy and distinctness which characterize 'Political Justice' and 'Caleb Williams.' The moral speculations have a strength, and consistency, and boldness, which has been less clearly aimed at in his other works of fiction. The pleadings of Henrietta to Mandeville, after his recovery from madness, in favour of virtue and of benevolent energy, compose, in every respect, the most perfect and beautiful piece of writing of modern times. It is the genuine doctrine of 'Political Justice,' presented in one perspicacious and impressive river, and clothed in such enchanting melody of language, as seems not less than the writings of Plato, to realize those lines of Milton—

How charming is divine philosophy—  
Not harsh and crabbed—  
But musical as is Apollo's lute!

Clifford's talk, too, about wealth, has a beautiful, and readily to be disentangled,

intermixture of truth and error. Clifford is a person, who, without those characteristics which usually constitute the sublime, is sublime from the mere excess of loveliness and innocence. Henrietta's first appearance to Mandeville, at Mandeville House, is an occurrence resplendent with the sunrise of life: it recalls to the memory many a vision—or perhaps but one—which the delusive exhalations of unbaflled hope has invested with a rose-like lustre as of morning, yet unlike morning—a light which, once extinguished, never can return. Henrietta seems at first to be all that a susceptible heart imagines in the object of its earliest passion. We scarcely can see her, she is so beautiful. There is a mist of dazzling loveliness which encircles her, and shuts out from the sight all that is mortal in her transcendent charms. But the veil is gradually withdrawn, and she “fades into the light of common day.” Her actions, and even her sentiments, do not correspond to the elevation of her speculative opinions, and the fearless sincerity which should be the accompaniment of truth and virtue. But she has a divided affection, and she is faithful there only where infidelity would have been self-sacrifice. Could the spotless Henrietta have subjected her love to Clifford, to the vain and insulting accident of wealth and reputation, and the babbling of a miserable old woman, and yet have proceeded unshrinking to her nuptial feast from the expostulations of Mandeville's impassioned and pathetic madness? It might be well in the author to show the foundations of human hope thus overthrown, for his picture might otherwise have been illumined with one gleam of light. It was his skill to enforce the moral, “that all things are vanity,” and “that the house of mourning is better than the house of feasting”; and we are indebted to those who make us feel the instability of our nature, that we may lay the knowledge (which is its foundation) deep, and make the affections (which are its cement) strong. But one regrets that Henrietta,—who soared far beyond her contemporaries in her opinions, who was so beautiful that she seemed a spirit among mankind,—should act and feel no otherwise than the least exalted of her sex; and still more, that the author, capable of conceiving something so admirable and lovely, should have been withheld, by the tenor of the fiction which he chose, from execrating it in its full extent. It almost seems in the original conception of the character of Henrietta, that something was imagined too vast and too uncommon to be realized; and the feeling weighs like disappointment on the mind. But these objections, considered with reference to the close of the story, are extrinsic.

The reader's mind is hurried on as he approaches the end with breathless and accelerated impulse. The noun *smorfia* comes at last, and touches some nerve which jars the inmost soul, and grates, as it were, along the blood; and we can scarcely believe that that grin which must accompany Mandeville to his grave, is not stamped upon our own visage.

## EPIGRAM FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

## On Marriage.

Marriage is full of storm and strife;  
This each man knows, yet takes a wife.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

ALTHOUGH the publishing world was never more dull than at present, the distant prospect begins to brighten: authors talk of new works, and booksellers of new speculations; Murray has extended his ‘Family Library’ to forty volumes, and may carry it farther; a new work, the *Biography of our Divines*, is all but announced by an author of great eminence, to be published in monthly volumes; Mr. Valpy's ‘Abridgment of the Commentaries’ is also an important work; the author of ‘Corn Law Rhymes’ promises to collect and publish his poems, in a worthy volume or volumes, after the fashion of Byron and Scott; ‘The Founders of English Liberty’ is said to be in the press; Sheridan Knowles, too, has the ‘Magdalen and other Tales’ forthcoming; Alfred Tennyson, a second series of poems; and, still better, Mr. Moxon has advertised ‘The Masque of Anarchy, a poem, by Percy Bysshe Shelley, with a preface by Leigh Hunt.’ On the whole, the literary horizon is not so gloomy as it was some months ago. There are, nevertheless, but few announcements of new works in either the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, and the attention which the editors have paid to works of ordinary interest, show how few good books have lately appeared. But ingenious men can raise fine speculations from trivial topics; and the numbers are both good—the article on ‘Inland Transport’ in the *Edinburgh* is invaluable, and most opportunely published; and the *Quarterly* has, like ourselves, in the dearth at home, been speculating in foreign literature with success.

Rogers, the poet, is making good progress, we hear, with his illustrated copy of the ‘Pleasures of Memory,’ and some, who have seen a few of the designs, speak of it as surpassing his ‘Italy.’ A statue of the elder Roscoe is talked of for Liverpool; and we see that one of Sir Walter Scott is resolved on for Glasgow: this will confute all those idle assertions, that, because the ‘Children of the West’ refused to make him Lord Rector, and preferred Macintosh, or Horne, or Jeffrey, (we forget which,) that ‘the Men of the West’ were averse to him, and could not feel his worth as a man, or his genius as an author. Glasgow has been misrepresented; she has ever loved men of genius, and now she is proving it in a way worthy of her character among cities.—Turner, the landscape painter, has just returned from a tour in France, the fruits of which will be seen at no distant date, we hear, in the form of embellishments for an Annual, to be called after the name of the artist. We must not omit to mention, that the King is sitting to Mr. Simpson for his portrait, and that the Queen is doing, or to do, the same: we would advise His Majesty to make the artist a knight, so that he may be remembered in the land for something—he has little chance, we fear, of ever being known as a painter.

We have had a look at the illustrations for the third number of ‘Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures,’ and we have no hesitation in saying, that one and all of them surpass the engravings in the preceding numbers; there is a landscape by Wilson of great beauty, and never till now engraved; the Death of Chatham, by Copley, clear and true to character; and the Govartius, of

Vandyke, which may stand comparison with any work of the kind. Had Mr. Major commenced in this manner, his undertaking might have taken hold of the public taste at once.

We have also seen the engravings for the second number of ‘The Illustrations of Modern Sculpture,’ and think them most admirable. They are from the works of Thorwaldsen, Chantrey, and Baily. Of Thorwaldsen little is known in this country; one of his figures, a ‘Venus and the Apple,’ is in the Chatsworth Gallery; a figure of Resignation, of such quiet beauty as few works can equal, will give a fair notion of the fine nature of Chantrey's works; and a ‘Mother and Child’ will show the taste and skill of Baily. We wish well to ‘Major's Gallery,’ and to the ‘Illustrations of Sculpture;’ they give us information in matters of taste and elegance in a beautiful way and at a cheap rate.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Oct. 16.—A descriptive account was read of the varieties of cherries cultivated in the Society's gardens, to which was prefixed a history of the genus *Cerasus*, from the period of the introduction of the fruit into Europe from Asia, by the Romans, up to the present time. The varieties having become so numerous and so widely different in their qualities, it has been found requisite that some better classification should be resorted to than the old appellations of Merisiers, Guigniers, Bigarreautiers, Cerisiers, and Griottiers; and it has accordingly been proposed that the natural habits of growth of the trees shall in future furnish the distinguishing characters on which to depend. Another communication followed on the production of early pears.

The exhibition embraced some fine specimens of cultivation. We observed fruit of the banana, of *passiflora laurifolia*, and *P. edulis*, from the Earl of Shrewsbury;—a queen pine-apple from H. J. Grant, Esq. (weight 4½ lbs.);—several varieties of grapes;—Doyenné pears, the produce of grafts worked respectively on quince, thorn, and mountain-ash stocks;—seedling plums from T. A. Knight, Esq.; and other articles of much merit. Amongst the flowers, the *calochortus luteus*, six sorts of *salvia*, *androbium pierardi* and varieties of *tournefortia*, *cleome*, *sternbergia*, and *verbena*, added considerably to the interest of the collection.

Colonel Jeremiah Taylor was elected a Fellow of the Society.

## WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the members of this Society was held on Saturday evening last at the Hunterian Museum, when Dr. Copland and Mr. Pettigrew were elected Presidents for the ensuing year.

## PARIS ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## Meetings of the 8th and 15th instant.

Ruppell's second visit to Africa—His discoveries—*Memoirs of Breschet and Hachette*—Discovery of a property, common to dyeing substances—Second letter from Bonpland—The Monthyon Prize awarded.

THE most attractive subject which came before the sitting of the 8th inst. was an account of the second journey of the indefatigable Ruppell, of Frankfurt. It will be recollected, that this enterprising traveller, after publishing an account of his former travels, again left Europe in 1830,



to visit other districts in Africa. It now appears that he crossed the Red Sea at Mocha, in October last, with the intention of exploring the southern regions of Abyssinia, and then penetrating so far as it should be found practicable into the heart of the African Continent. Simultaneous revolutions having, however, broken out in every quarter, he has been forced to take up his quarters in the island of Massaua, until such time as those disturbances shall be terminated. But he has not been idle at his post; for he has employed six months and more in investigating those provinces of Abyssinia which lie nearest the coast. In his first letter from his insular head-quarters, he forwards a description and drawing of the *Magillus Antiquus*, an undescribed mollusca, the shell of which, only, has hitherto been known to the naturalist; it has been erroneously classed with the family of the *Gasteropoda Tubulibranchia*, whereas, the animal's organization determines that it should be ranked with the family of the *Gasteropoda Buccinoida*. In his second letter, dated from Massaua likewise, in March last, Ruppell mentions that he has discovered traces of the ancient *Adulis*, the geographical site of which town has been unknown for ages. At the same time, he takes occasion to describe a large species of antelope, in shape similar to the stag, which appears to be identical with the *Orix* of the ancients. He has likewise discovered a species of *Dugong*, which is found in the Red Sea, and differs in a remarkable degree from the only species hitherto known, which is an inhabitant of the Indian Seas. It was the skin of this distinct species, which is a native of the Red Sea, wherewith the Jews of old were, by the Mosaic law, compelled to veil the Tabernacle. On this account, Ruppell has given it the name of the *Halicore Tabernaculus*.

Two other communications, read or reported upon at this sitting, are of importance in a scientific point of view; the one from Hachette, 'On the decomposition of water through the instantaneous effect of electric currents,' and the other from Breschet, containing three memoirs in anatomy 'On the organ of hearing in fishes.'

At the sitting held on the 15th inst., M. Persez announced, that, whilst occupied in the study of colouring substances, he had discovered a property common to the whole of them, and had, by means of this property, been enabled to extract, under one and the same process, the colouring matter of the following dying substances; namely, indigo, madder, cochineal, quercitron, yellow wood, Indian wood, and Brazil wood. He presented some colours prepared by this process; and at his request, it was referred to a committee, (on which Thénard, Darcet, and Chevreul, were subsequently appointed,) to report on the consequences which may result to the art of dyeing.

A second letter from Bonpland was communicated to the Academy, by Baron de Humboldt; it was dated from Buenos Ayres, on the 10th of June last, and conveys the gratifying intelligence, that the collections, which he has made in Paraguay and the Portuguese Missions, were safe, and expected to arrive in a few days. He intends to revisit the latter district, chiefly for the purpose of procuring for the Museum at Paris, a fine assortment of living plants, and particularly numerous specimens of the *Mabé*, or Paraguayan Tea-plant, which, he observes, is well calculated for the soil of Algiers.

At this meeting, the Committee appointed to adjudge Monthyon's Prize in Statistics, reported that they awarded it to the 'Topography of all the known Vineyards,' published during the present year by M. Jullien.

## FINE ARTS

*Landscape Illustrations of the Works of Sir Walter Scott, with Portraits of the Principal Female Characters.* Parts VI. and VII.

Sir Walter Scott in a letter, a fac-simile of which accompanies the seventh number, assures the proprietors of this fine series of landscapes, that he pretends to no knowledge of art, and his opinion therefore, ought to go for nothing: "but I think," added he, "they are very beautiful." There are eight landscapes, illustrating 'Rob Roy,' 'Old Mortality,' and others of the novels; they are all carefully drawn from nature, and pretty well engraved; but the publishers depend upon the attractions of the female portraits, two of which, 'Diana Vernon,' by Boxall, and 'Amy Robsart,' by Mrs. Carpenter, accompany these numbers. Were the publishers to tell us that their landscapes, instead of being copies from nature, were scenes of the imagination, we would instantly begin to carp and cavil, and think the splendid pages of Scott required higher and more imaginative accompaniments; but they are, in truth, the real scenes faithfully exhibited by the pencil and graver—and that silences criticism. It is otherwise with these portraits of the fancy: they are attempts to embody the characters as the poet has drawn them; and though they are not exactly what we looked for, still they are very clever, and, we have no doubt, will be welcome to the public. There is much grace and delicacy about the 'Amy Robsart,' and a certain original spirit and wild beauty about the 'Diana Vernon'; we miss a certain arch playfulness about the looks of the latter, which the motto induced us to look for.

*Finden's Landscape Illustrations of Byron.*

THIS work maintains its high reputation; 'Verona,' by Calcott, is clear and natural, yet poetic; 'The Temple of Minerva,' is in a darker spirit, by Turner; the 'St. Sophia,' by Roberts, is in another style, while Turner's 'Castle of St. Angelo,' may be considered as a crowning beauty. There are two others, but those we have noticed are the best.

*Gems of British Landscape.* No. I. Gibbs.

THIS is a clever work; Mr. Marshall has made the drawings with the scenes before him. 'Dartmouth Castle' is good, so is 'Lyme Regis.' 'Hampstead Heath' wants its usual quietness of look. We wish the proprietors had found a more modest title, for it induces us to expect what few can give. There are letter-press descriptions which, will be found useful and interesting.

*Banks of the Loire.* No. II. Percy.

WE praised the first number of this work; the second number is equally interesting; the scenes are on large paper, seem drawn from nature, and give us a fair notion of the country, and its castles, cities and palaces. 'The Bridge of Angers,' is very picturesque. To those who love the scenes of old English warfare, and delight to think on the battle fields of our Edwards and Henrys, these landscapes of the Loire will be welcome.

## THEATRICALS

COVENT GARDEN.

THE play of 'Waverley,' which has been produced at this theatre, has been brought out at a peculiar moment, and for a specific purpose; and, therefore, we do not feel inclined to indulge in that sort of criticism upon it, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been no more than our duty—there is interest in it, of course, and if the pruning knife—not to say the

hatchet—were used judiciously, there is no reason why it should not take its fair stand among works of a similar calibre: but the manager should make sharp work of it, in every sense of the term. The piece wants relief, and so do the spectators,—and we hope we shall not ask it for them in vain.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles's Masque has appeared; and the Messrs. Grieve have splendidly seconded and thirded their noble principal, and nearly all the members of the corps dramatique lent their aid, for which they, doubtless, consider the cause they serve an ample recompense.

SURREY THEATRE.

IF we were in any degree wanting in our respect for the Bard of the North during his life-time, we are now paying off the debt with accumulated interest—prints, busts, memories, anecdotes, and epitaphs of and on the departed genius, fill our shops and empty our brains; and forwardest among the forward in this worthy race come the brothers of the sock and buskin. "You had better have a bad epitaph when dead, than their evil report while living." So said he who best knew the human heart, and so say we; and if we dared to add to what Shakespeare has thought enough, we should tack on to that exquisite sentence—"or even after life."

At the theatre of which we are speaking, an exhibition has been got up for this solemn occasion, of the most unpretending, but of the most effective nature. It consists of a set of 'tableaux vivans'—some eight or ten in number: each subject being chosen from one of the bard's best known works, and the characters in each picture being so grouped as to represent the principal incident in it. The idea, to our mind, is excellent, and the execution singularly happy. We never before received pleasure from a set of *inanimate* actors; for these death-like artists enacted to the life. We could find but one fault, and that, we should hope, the manager will consider as worth mending—the *tableaux* were too few in number. If the company of the Surrey Theatre be not of sufficiently numerical strength to allow of this being remedied, we suppose we must be content with what we have; but, in the hope that this is not so, we can only do what a beautiful little urchin, seated in the next box to us, did, when the curtain closed upon the exhibition—clap our hands, and cry—"More—more."

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

UP to last Monday there had been, for some time, no novelty here, except that of a successful début, which, at this theatre, can scarcely be called a novelty. The fair candidate, in this instance, is a young lady of the name of Murray, who appeared in an entertaining revived piece of Mr. Planche's, now called 'My Daughter, Sir.' We should certainly not conceive her to be a novice, although, like all persons young in this arduous profession, she has much to acquire before she can take that station in it to which she doubtless aspires. As far as personal requisites go, she has much for which to be thankful; and, therefore, she will be doubly ungrateful, if in her study "to hold the mirror up to Nature," she do not always remember, that "her Grace was bountiful."

On Monday night, was produced a new operatic fairy tale, the words by we don't know whom, and the music by Mr. Barnett. The story of this piece has been taken out of Chaucer, and is singularly well adapted, as we think, for dramatic representation—it was very successful.

Mr. Barnett, we have already said, is the composer of the music. Need we add, that it is good? We will—whether we need or not: we will say more—it is excellent, abounding in the beautiful melodies of the author's own

fertile genius, and adorned and enriched by a study of the great continental masters. More than one song in it must, we should think, become lastingly popular; and this, and the praise of judicious critics, added to our own humble but honest meed, will, we trust, repay the composer for the present effort, and urge him on to similar and even loftier attempts. Madame Vestris, who seems to be, like Shakspeare, "not of an age, but for all time," looked and played with such freshness and vigour that she ran no risk of an indictment for perjury, when in the witness box she swore she was *eighteen*. She was well supported by all the female part of her establishment; and Messrs. Vining and Cooper showed what excellent scholars (or masters either) they would make in "a Ladies' Establishment."

## MISCELLANEA

*The Comic Annual*.—A report originating, it is supposed, in "a dark passage" in the Preface to Miss Sheridan's *Comic Offering*, has induced Mr. Hood to address a letter to his publisher, Mr. Tilt, of Fleet Street, which we think it well to print entire for the satisfaction of our readers.

"My dear Sir,—The report of my death I can assure you is premature, but I am equally obliged to you for your tribute of putting up shutters and wearing a crape hatband. I suspect your friend and informant, Mr. Livingstone—(it should be Gravestone)—drew his inference from a dark passage in Miss Sheridan's Preface, which states that, 'of the three *Comic Annuals* which started at the same time, the *Comic Offering* alone remains.' The two defuncts therein referred to are the '*Falstaff*' and '*The Humourist*,' which I understand have put an end to themselves.

"If you should still entertain any doubts, you will shortly have ten thousand impressions to the contrary; for I intend to contradict my *demys* by fresh *octavos*. The *Comic Annual* for 1833, with its usual complement of Plates—mind, not coffin-plates—to appear, as heretofore, in November, will give the lie, I trust, not merely to my departure, but even to anything like a *serious* illness: and a Novel, about the same time, will help to prove that I am not in a state of de-composition.

"Have the goodness to forward a copy of this letter to the Morning Post, which announces the arrivals and departures, and also to the actuary of the Norwich Union, which insures my biography. I should have relieved your oint anxieties some days earlier, but till I met Mr. Livingstone, at Bury, I was really not alive to my death.

I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD."

Lake House, Wanstead,  
October 16, 1832."

*South London Market*.—A Prospectus and engraved Plan have been submitted to us of an extensive market, proposed to be erected in St. George's Fields between the Elephant and Castle and the Obelisk. If the market be a mere trading speculation, we have little interest in it; but accompanying the Prospectus are minutes of evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons—extracts from Bruyère on the Abattoirs of Paris, and the Voice of Humanity, which would lead the reader to infer, that the plan deserves public patronage, because, among other reasons, slaughter-houses and the driving of cattle through the public streets, are nuisances that will be got rid of. But we are of opinion that the projectors prove too much. In their natural anxiety to induce subscriptions, they say the population of the southern suburbs has quadrupled within twenty years, and already exceeds 400,000; and that it

is singular that while twelve markets exist in the metropolis north of the Thames, there are only two to the south. If these arguments amount to anything, it is this:—the slaughter-houses north of the river are not only disgusting, but positively injurious to the public health: is it not then melancholy that we have so few on our side the water?—the driving of cattle through the crowded streets on the northern side of the river is an alarming nuisance; therefore we have found a good central situation in the very heart of an increasing neighbourhood, already containing 400,000 souls, where we recommend you to erect abattoirs. As a private speculation the market may answer—but the parties had better strike out the minutes of evidence, the Voice of Humanity, and such small talk.

We hear from Spain that M. Navarrete, editor of the 'Collection of Original Voyages of the Spanish Discoverers of America,' a work highly praised by Washington Irving, is printing the fourth volume, which will include those to the Moluccas, by Magallanes, Laodisa, Saavedra, Grijalva, and Villalobos. The Academy of History is also about to publish the seventh volume of their 'Transactions,' which, among other interesting papers, will contain one relating to the negotiations between our Elizabeth and Philip, written by Don Tomas Gonzales, who, having been for many years engaged in arranging the archives of Simancas, found there many original papers, which, it is said, will throw much light upon the history of that time.

*Newly discovered Marble Quarries*.—A highly interesting discovery is, by a letter just received from Naples, reported to have been made by the Marquis Munziante. Our informant states, that the Marquis has found a quarry of the finest white statuary marble on Mount Alpi, in the Neapolitan province of Basilicata, between the Tyrrhene and Ionian Seas, about twenty miles from the coast of the gulf of Policastro. The marble is most perfect, and very superior to that of Carrara. It is quite equal to the finest ancient Greek marble, the quarries of which are either exhausted, or have ceased to be worked for ages.

*Paris Exhibition*.—The Exhibition of paintings and sculptures by living artists will be opened in Paris in the first week in January.

*A Trollope*.—A friend, who has returned from New York, informs us that, being at the Theatre one night before he sailed, he saw a man in the boxes sit with his back to the pit, and coat-tails hanging over, just as Mrs. Trollope has sketched one. The audience noticed it, and immediately raised the cry of "Trollope! Trollope!" which drove him to a more becoming posture. He also declares that every violation of *bienséance* is now called a *Trollope*.

*The Unicorn*.—According to a recent letter from Bishop Bruguières (published by Klaproth) this animal, hitherto considered fabulous, exists in Siam. The Bishop says its head is larger than that of an ox, and the horn rises from its forehead, and points upward; it is remarkably fast in its pace and bound, like our deer.

*British Oak*.—Structural peculiarities will enable the forester to distinguish between the qualities of the timbers before he fells the trees, or rather, in fact, to predict the kind of wood an oak will form, even while the sapling is just springing from the seed: for it is preposterous to contend that plantations should be raised and nurtured through centuries, and then, at the end of two or three hundred years, the fact should be discovered that such oaks are unfit for ship-building, and the first notice of this be from the decay of the vessels, even while upon the stocks. I speak not unadvisedly, nor do I put a case of

bare possibility; I merely relate a notorious fact. Plantations of the wrong kind of oak have been made in various parts of this essentially oak-growing and ship-building country, and vessels built of such timber as that to which I have alluded have split and rotted on the stocks, and have been obliged to undergo a thorough repair, even before they have been launched. What a lamentable tale it is to read, or hear, that a vessel of 120 guns, and which must have cost 120,000*l.*, has been condemned and sold for 25*l.*, as last week's journals tell us was the case, and this, as they report, without having ever seen any actual service. Indeed, the rapid decay of many modern-built vessels, and hence much of the heavy expense of our navy has been, with some show of reason, attributed to the use of immature and ill-chosen wood, the applicability of which might easily have been tested, had not botanic knowledge been absent from situations where it ought not to have been found wanting.—*Burnett's Botanical Lecture.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 18	62	45	30.20	S.W.	Cloudy.
Fr. 19	58	33	Stat.	N.E.	Rain.
Sat. 20	56	33	Stat.	Var.	Clear.
Sun. 21	62	37	Stat.	E.	Ditto.
Mon. 22	62	37	Stat.	E.	Cloudy.
Tues. 23	61	41	30.25	E.	Ditto.
Wed. 24	54	42	30.30	E.	Ditto.

*Precipitating Clouds*.—Cirrostratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus.

Nights and Mornings fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 47.5°

Length of Day on Wednesday, 10h. 26m.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

The *Memoirs of the Court of France*, by the late King Louis XVIII.

Mr. Slade is about to publish the result of his Observations, under the title of 'Records of Travels in Turkey, Greece, &c.

'The Puritan's Grave,' by the Author of the 'Usurer's Daughter.'

A New Edition of Mr. Lodge's *Peerage*.

A new Novel, entitled 'Golden Legends.'

A popular Introduction to the Study of Geology, with numerous Plates, by Gideon Mantell.

The *Calendar of the Neumans*; or, *Diary of the Year*.

The *Journal of Elemental Locomotion*, No. I., with a plate of Thirteen Views of Steam Carriages, edited by A. Gordon.

'The Pulpit,' Vol. XX., containing Sermons by Eminent Divines.

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